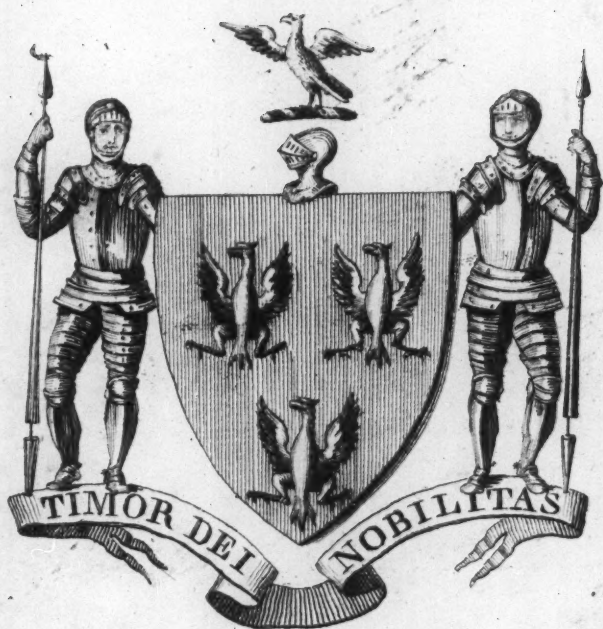


Anno 1600



By

Susannah Gunning: (1740? 1800)

^{in law}
Sister of the famous beauties

Maria Countess of Coventry

Elizabeth Duchess of Arundel

Minifie, afterwards Gunning (Susanna)

1507 / 363

DELVES,

A

WELCH TALE.

BY MRS. GUNNING.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

THE THIRD EDITION.

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1797.



DELVES,

A

WELCH TALE.

CHAP. I.

SCENE THE FIRST.

HE does not yet know, he must not be made acquainted with it.

This was said by Papa Owen, to his Governante Winifred, a tall, straight gentlewoman, on the shady side of fifty.

No, no, the comical little rascal, young as he is, finds us work enough already—a

VOL. I.

B

hot-

hot-headed dog—don't you see Winifred what trouble I have to make him obey me?—how then should I be able to manage the little tyrant, if we were such fools to tell him that I am not his father?

Well, well, master, in God's name let it be so, cried Winifred—for you will always have every thing your own way, if the devil were to stand at the door.

Dear Winifred, replied my meek papa, do not disfigure that love-inspiring countenance with displeasure—some years hence we may find a proper opportunity—besides the good man may die—and then you know every thing will be arranged in due order.

A fig! retorted the enraged Winifred, whilst the poor boy is waiting for dead men's shoes, his own will be worn to the tacker. I do love the child as dearly as I love my life.



Hush

Hush Winifred—for the Saint of thy
thy own name—faye hush—I thought I heard
him move——Step and listen if he still
sleeps.

I had thrown myself on Papa's bed, (for
what reason, will hereafter be explained)
my right arm sustained my head, my left
immoveably stretched at full length on the
coverlid, my eyes shut, my mouth open,
my respiration short and elevated; all this
gave to my repose an air so natural, that
Winifred having approached and examined
me, assured Papa that I slept as sound as a
top.——It is well said Papa, go you Wini-
fred and get my horse ready—see that the
boy Delves be a good boy, Winifred——
Papa paused——Winifred I am going to
receive some money—it is no great matter
to be sure——but he who turns his back
upon trifles—great matters will turn their
backs upon him—thou knowest Winifred I
have no pleasure in getting money but to
make thee the keeper of it.

B 2

Winifred

Winifred, who was Discretion personified, knew when to speak and when to hold her tongue, and though occasionally given to murmur, she now went out about her business without uttering one wry word, and papa began to draw on his boots.

The mysterious conversation I had overheard made me heartily desire to hear more, and I had the malice to wish Papa's horse would be taken lame, or Winifred be unable to put on his saddle, or any thing that might force poor Papa to stay at home, in hopes they would join on the discourse where it had broken off, but no such good luck happened.—Winifred came back and announced that Nutmeg bridled and saddled was waiting before the door, upon which papa caught up his whip, embraced Winifred, imprinting on her cheek a kiss, that resounded through the house, then repeating his orders to make Delves a good boy, with one more additional smack, by way of a last adieu, and behold he is gone.

Winifred

Winifred opened the window, muttered to herself something about the stubborn tempers of men, watched as far as she could see either Papa or his horse, and then stepped softly on the tips of her toes to the side of my bed where I yet slept quite as profoundly as before.

C H A P. II.

Much to be expressed in a short Soliloquy.

DELVES—Oh thou dear little Delves—whispered she in a low voice—Delves I lay—touching my left cheek with her icy fingers..

I raised my snore one key higher.

Poor fellow how soundly he sleeps—no, no, he has heard none of his papa's obstinacy—a naughty man—well I swear if it was not for one thing more than another—Oh

Lord how beautiful he is—how unlike that old Cherubim my master—a nasty beast—always chewing, always spitting.—He the father of my pretty little man—I wonder who would believe it.

I slept on profoundly.

Well, to be sure it is a thousand pities. It does my heart good to look upon his fine white forehead—no matter, I must not speak my mind—then his eyes when they are open, do every thing but talk to one, they do laugh so comically—but I must say nothing—dear heart, what a glorious complexion, how red and how shining—but old Owen would kill me if I was but to say a word—sleep on, pretty rogue, with thy lips like a crimson berry, and as sweet as a rose—sleep on—Winifred must tell thee nothing—I may as well eat my fingers—dear lamb how I do love thee—one would think I was the very mother that bore thee.

She

She stooped towards me and unfortunately bestowed on me one of those kisses which she had received from papa—I say it was unfortunate, for she cried out—“Oh you rogue—I have caught you—thou pretty little villain, thou hast found out thy Papa’s favourite Hollands—Yes, yes, I smell it—I smell it—faugh, how he stinks of the nasty stuff!”

I had indeed effectually tasted papa’s favourite Hollands, and my whole body was scorched up with the most burning heat. No wonder, cries Winifred, you could not hold up your head—that you was so fatigued—so drowsy—Wake, wake, little dram-drinker, and tell me where you met with this Hollands—she shook my arm—I was taken in the fact—I jumped off the bed, and at three strides reached the door, opened it, took to my heels, and by my fleetness escaped from Winifred’s exordium on the waste of Papa’s Hollands, the politest substitute for the vulgar word

Gin, that can be found in any vocabulary.

CHAP. III.

The first Sketch of a Youthful Painter.

THE discourse of Papa and his hand-
maiden Winifred—was ever any
thing so odd, the more I thought of it,
the more I puzzled my brains to make it
out—It was not to be made out—what
cared I?—one Papa was as good as ano-
ther—and where was I to look for a bet-
ter mother than Winifred, or better Hol-
lands than she kept in her cupboard?—
Papa is not my father thought I—what
then—I have enough to eat and to drink.
—Papa loves me, and Winifred loves
me—so with a bound and a skip I ran to
look for my play-mates.

It can be no matter of concern to my readers, having found my comrades, in what manner we diverted ourselves, whether by leap-frog, battledore and shuttlecock, or pitch and tofs, but they will perhaps expect that I should tell them who was Papa, and who was his Governess Winifred.

Papa Owen was a little man, excessively fat, his face full round, and inflamed so like a burning coal, that when one saw him in a frosty morning, his countenance was quite inviting.—He had no greater delight than to look lovely in the eyes of Winifred, and to make his figure the more captivating wore an enormous wig, which descended from the summit of his head, and spread over his broad shoulders in large thick grey curls, except on holidays, when they were all concealed in a black filk bag of about eighteen inches square, covering his back very magnificently: however, this wig had one fault, it left his ears a little too much exposed; fortunately none of our

B 5

family

family saw this fault but myself. As to Win she perfectly doted on this grand bag; she did not even like him half so well when by way of vanity he confined some of his superfluous curls in a little queue, that danced without ceasing as if it had been elastic——his small grey eyes from excess of modesty veiled themselves under two large thick brows, as the pretty violet seeks to conceal itself beneath the shade of the mountainous oak, and when they did peep out, you never saw such comical side-way glances as they were constantly directing towards Winifred, as if resolved to see no other object upon the face of the earth. Nature intended his nose for none of the largest size, but lost her own design by the richness of its settlings. When he got up in the morning, one would have thought his rubies to be emeralds, but after the first three glasses of right Hollands, with which he strengthened his stomach, they recovered their crimson hue, and every hour from that time till he laid himself down at night added something

to their brilliancy.—His thick white beard, no hand but his own was worthy to approach; he did not shave himself from avarice, but vanity; he always remembered when he had the honor of shaving a certain great man, that great man often complimented him by declaring his hand was as light as the hand of a Lady—but what had put him still more in the good graces of that great man, was his talent for writing—this was another source of self-congratulation, no wonder then that he should chuse to be his own scribe, as well as his own barber.

Papa Owen, when he staid at home, contented himself with twisting round his short stumpy neck a black collar, because Winifred, who had the washing of all his linen, declared it was a sin to dirty such a number of white neckcloths, and that for her part she thought he looked as well in one thing as another; but when he was going to the church or to the town, then would

the clever-handed Winifred bring him a handkerchief neatly pleated, and with her own fingers gently tie it under the chin, leaving the two ends garnished with lace, to take their pastime in flowing order over his ample bosom, always charging him to be mindful that he did not spoil it by spilling his soup.

Papa had many habits, but that on which he set the greatest account was a blue plush relieved by a waistcoat and collar of fiery red, and black Manchester. The make of this dress was curiously antique, the facings were an ell long, but behind, short in the extreme; the whole behind and before covered intirely with buttons and button holes, the one large the other worked in all manner of colours—of his waistcoat I shall only say that it reached below his knees, which turned themselves face to face, with the most perfect politeness. Of his breeches I shall say still less—I might as well have called them wraps, as in fact they had not much

much shape to boast, though a great many strings that they may have been proud of, as these little *gatiers* long and dangling, were passed below the knees through buckles of pure silver, those on his well-lacked shoes were of the same estimable metal, though but little larger than a sixpence, and the whole dress of Papa on state days was completed by a pair of the finest black worsted stockings.

Having finished the figure and dress of Papa, it may not be amiss to speak of his qualifications, which will not take up a great deal of time——so much the better, as then I shall have the more to bestow on other subjects.

Papa's principal perfection was, as I have before hinted, an excellent hand writing, made up of strong and hair strokes to perfection.—It was to this talent for which he stood indebted for a great deal of good fortune.—It procured him to be the valet
de

de chambre of a great man.——It, exalted him to the rank of first clerk in a merchant's counting-house.——It carried him still higher, even to the great man's stewardship, which office Papa filled with much honor and more profit, so that in the end he was able to purchase a pretty parcel of ground, on which he built a small house, in honor of Cupid, for the residence of himself and Winifred, in downright opposition of Hymen, and his boasted Temple.

Papa was far from pushing away the stool by which he ascended on the ladder of promotion; he perfectly adored the talent, that is to say, the copper plate writing from whence had issued his quick succession to peace, and plenty. So very far was Papa from looking coldly on the spring of his fortune, that he caused to be struck a silver medal as large as one of the largest buttons on his own favourite blue Manchester plush full dressed coat. The face of
this

this immense medallion had received a first rate engraving, the design of which was a hand delicately holding a fine long pen, over which the sun seemed to rise in all its splendour, darting its first rays plump down upon this honoured engine of Papa's genius—ah, how often have I played with this same medal, beholding it with admiration, even before I could put together the letters on the reverse, which formed this applicable, and splendid inscription, *Promotion followeth the Scribe..*

Many persons who did not write so well as Papa, but who had studied as much, felt towards him a pitiful envy, which made them turn him and his beautiful Medallion into the most consummate ridicule, because during their whole lives they could never climb higher than bad transcribers of worse originals, or attain to any thing beyond a scanty provision.

The ill will of his colleagues seemed to make Papa grow fat and merry, every thing
he

he eat turned to good account, and every thing he drank added to his former stock of cheerfulness—Hollands was always the regulator of Papa's judgement as well as of his health; on rising in the morning, he constantly complained of some extraordinary feeling in his head—this was enough to alarm poor Winifred, who would shoot like lightening to the cupboard, and like another flash of the same electrical fire, return again with a bottle of Hollands in her hand; but her expedition in drawing the cork, was almost supernatural—the more pain with which Papa carried the first glass to his mouth—the more he trembled, and the more trembled Winifred—the second relieved him a little—Winifred too is a little cheared. The third has a still better effect—and how do you do now, good fir—easy, pretty easy Winifred—she fills him fourthly, then stops down the bottle, brings his qualifying water gruel in one hand, his pipes in the other; and Papa thus

thus risen from the dead, is so eloquent, so joyous, that there is no describing him.

To entertain this sprightly Papa, he would have me recount to him all the news I had heard, as well as all the lessons I had learnt; and after ordering what he should like for his dinner, he would command me to sit down, and write in his presence—— Ah! the tedious disagreeable hour—— It was the most hateful in the whole numerary of time——at the first fault that I made, he shook his head——at the second, he laid down his pipe, took the pen out of my fingers, and cried, “look at me Delves.” I was very apt on those occasions to look quite another way. But Papa saw it not, he gave me back the pen, and called me a good boy——I went blundering on——at the commitment of a third error he gently retook it from me, and putting his nose close upon my exercise he would say coldly, “Little dunce, where are your eyes, regard
“ how I do this——there is a stroke for
“ you

“you—see if you can make the like.”
 —At fault the fourth, I may say he spoke to me out of a cloud, for the fumes of tobacco enveloped him, having drawn half a dozen whiffs, the smoke of which was hastily blown through his mouth, to make a passage for his words.—“Delves—
 “Delves,” would he exclaim, “will you
 “never cease to throw these indecent blots
 “on your paper”—fifthly—“have a
 “better eye to your exercise”—sixthly,
 —he rose in a fury, and shewing me the door cried out in a voice of thunder
 “—blockhead, thou wilt never make any
 “thing better than an ass, as long as thou
 “livest.”

I bowed humbly—opened the door softly—and ran swiftly to repay myself by a little voluntary folly for the forced wisdom I had been made to swallow.

After I was gone, Mrs. Winifred always demanded an audience.

Having

Having on these occasions first spoken with great mildness, about the good times that were gone by when they enjoyed in the house of the Viscount Talbot the highest degree of favor, besides the goodness with which she was still honored by that family; having also quietly hinted how well she might have been established in marriage, if it had not been for one thing, or another, tenderly glancing her eyes on Papa, who if he had a fault in the world, it was that of loving to live well at a small expence; and the prudent Winifred, having thus armed his mind for what was to follow, by making him sensible how great a sacrifice she had offered to his friendship; and after she had talked of some new delicious *regout*, she was inventing to please his pallet, she ventured to tell him that both his cellar, and larder, were fallen into a very deep decline, and that their constitutions must be restored at any expence.

Papa

Papa said *yes*, as the only word that he knew Winifred could ever bring herself to understand; but he did not delight to dwell on the subject of domestic consumption, so began to talk of the little man Delves, of his great roguery, and the small desire he shewed to accomplish himself in the first of all gentlemanly sciences; namely, that of writing like copper-plate.

Winifred, who was not very much afraid of Papa, said that for her part, she did not see there was any occasion for tormenting the poor child about what he did not chuse to learn——and if he should never write better than he did at present, where was the harm of it?——she would engage he should write sense with any man, let their hands be as fine as they would; writing at best, was only that folks may make out their meaning to one another, and if one can be understood as well as the other, where is the difference?

The

The difference, my dear Winifred, cried Papa, worried into a trifle of energy, the difference is, there—there—there drawing out his precious medallion, and holding it before her eyes—Winifred—Winifred—read—read—read what is here said for him, *who useth the pen of the Scribe.*

I can't stay to read such gibberish—cried Winifred in a pet, I must go into the kitchen and get dinner, or I know who may go without it. Away she bounced, and Papa insisted that he had good cause to be out of humour all the rest of the day.

Papa put his hands into his coat pockets, and walked about the room in a sort of fantastical passion, still holding fast the medal, crying out at every second moment, Oh, the profound ignorance of women, they fly from instruction and run after mischief.—Then once more contemplating the medal and fondly repeating, *Promotion followeth the Scribe*, he returned the Jewel to his pocket,

pocket, sat down, put himself into an easy posture, and with his head still running on Winifred, began to tumble over all the gazettes, as well as other political papers with which his table was everlastingly overspread.—He read—the image of Winifred fled from such sort of entertainment.—He reflected—He prophesied—and at last gave his advice, though nobody was the better for it—such and such things are wrong, they are unjust, they must be reformed.—He reprobated the old laws, and made new ones—He praised some states, he disapproved others. These edifying reflections ended but with his tankard of ale. When taking up his hat and cane he walked away to the curate's house, with whom he entertained himself until Winifred sent me to tell him dinner was ready.

Papa never eat much, but his little was a composition of all the choice bits. Winifred, in this one whim, was always ready
to

to indulge him, because Winifred was herself no epicure.

It was the custom of our house before we placed ourselves at table, to form a half circle round it, every one singing out a prayer so loud, as if he or she who screamed most was to have the sole advantage of gratifying their hunger. Whether we dined alone or had company it was all the same. One day that a wicked young man was invited to dine with us, he laughed till he was near dying of convulsions on hearing the pleasant harmony of our three voices exalted to a pitch that could not be exceeded, and poor papa felt himself so outré, that never since that day has he prayed, or let us pray before dinner.

It was also Papa's delight, as soon as he rose from table, to lay himself down at full length on his couch, to sleep away the fatigues of good eating. This recess from labour lasted only two hours, at the end of which

which he was constantly awakened by the provident Winifred, who appeared to him like a friendly apparition, sent to compleat his happiness with clean pipes and a tankard of ale and toast.

The comforts of this repast ended, he knew exactly where to meet with his faithful *Nutmeg*, who, clean, sleek, and well saddled, waited to take him up at the door; from whence, no sooner assured that his master was safely seated, and that the flaps of his coat were decently spread by the fair hands of Winifred, then knowing to a nicety the road he was expected to take, with reflecting steps he would make his way to the next town, where, having dismounted at the door of a banker's with whom he kept his money, and visited every day to see that all was safe; again crossing the back of honest *Nutmeg*, he proceeded to the *Golden Fleece*, a tavern of the first reputation for good wine and civil entertainment.

Towards

Towards night-fall he generally remounted, and Nutmeg gravely measured back his cautious steps, whilst the people who saw him pass every day before their doors, had the unpoliteness to clap their hands, and call after him, "*Ah, there goes old Balaam and his Ass.*"——Arrived at the gate of his own habitation, he would either fall or descend into the arms of his dear Winifred, according to the lateness of the hour, or the quantity of wine he had taken, who, pious body, after a short ejaculation, would undress and lay him on his bed, hoping he may never rise again, if he could not get up and put on his cloaths without her assistance.

Thus passed the life of Papa, with this only difference, that in the height of winter instead of going to the town on horse-back, he always went there in a chair drawn by *Nutmeg*, and ornamented with a leather head, highly japanned.

C H A P. IV.

Winifred at full length.

MOTHER Winifred had not a great deal of gratitude in her composition, if one might so say, from her averfeness to acknowledging freely the bounty of heaven. Certainly, every year we are permitted to enjoy the good things of this world, is an indulgence for which we ought to be thankful. But Winifred said nothing about the fifty-five beautiful springs of which she had been an admiring spectator; no, she smuggled at least one half of this long obligation. Yet it must also be observed, that other favours from the same gracious source, she would express her sense of very warmly indeed, always thanking Providence for good health, great strength, a vast stock of patience, and for knowing how to do every thing well.

I cannot

I cannot speak of Winifred's family name, because I have never heard her called by any other than Mrs. Winifred.—Her figure was tall and thin, her waist long and supple, which would have given her the form of a spider, but that she wrapped up her scraggling limbs in three petticoats, every one of them thicker than another.

—Winifred by the side of Papa, made a pleasant enough contrast.—Papa red as a turkey-cock, well fed and square—Winifred pale as death, dry as a match, slender as a grey-hound, and straight as a cane;—the cloaths of Papa hung about his body—the cloaths of Winifred clung to her body, as if they had been a part of it.

The physical characters of Papa and Winifred were less dissimilar than their persons—they both loved themselves—they both loved me—they both loved one another—they both loved to have their own way—and they would both contend for the last word.—But here be it ob-

served, that Papa very prudently had given his dear Winifred an exclusive right to that privilege. They both loved to talk of old times—they both loved to take a cheerful cup. But the everlasting topic which never failed the virgin Winifred, was that of marriage, and here they would often cut. Papa did not like that sort of conversation, so interesting to the fair sex in general, and to old maids in particular; indeed he shewed so little attention to the subject, and gave it so many unnecessary interruptions, that leaving him in a pet, she would take me on her knees for hours together; and I thought, as well as my age would admit, that she reasoned very profoundly. Besides I was always ready to listen, because she used to tell me a thousand pathetic histories of those unfortunate lovers who had vainly aspired to her hand, all of whom she had discarded for some essential fault—one was too poor—another too rich—this too tall—that too short—one too fat—the other too thin—one
naughty

naughty man had the audacity to make certain proposals before the ceremony—three times she had been in danger—at last she met with a sober man after her own heart, to whom she was betrothed—but oh, great God! an old woman bewitched her lover, because she was jealous of her happiness—she never spoke of this favoured bewitched gallant, without shedding a torrent of tears, and muttering a volley of imprecations against the forceress.

These sort of tales very much diverted me, though I pretended to cry the whole time she was telling them; but when I had acted a part in poor Winifred's tragedy, I made myself amends by turning it into a farce for the entertainment of my comrades.

Notwithstanding her few eccentricities, Winifred was the very best creature in the world—she fought to read in Papa's eyes and in mine all our little wants and

wishes, when she was in good humour; and never did I see her out of temper with me in all my life.—If Papa happened to be ill, Winifred could do nothing but weep, wail, fret, and make messes for him from morning to night.—Had I a desire for any particular cake or toy, Winifred would never rest satisfied till she had procured it for me, and the caresses with which I received her favours, seemed to be more than ample recompence for all the trouble it had cost her to satisfy my appetite or my humour.

Winifred was the most perfect of all perfect housewives; in culinary knowledge she had no equal—her pies, her puddings! how glorious their flavour—her coffee, how well made—her chocolate, how delicious—even her very water gruel was palatable—Winifred's soups—Winifred's elder wine—Winifred's ale—Winifred's pastry were renowned through our whole district—nor did her excellences

lencies end in these accomplishments——her address in larding, stuffing, and dressing a hare, must have put all other cooks to the blush, whether men-cooks, or women-cooks; whether past, present, or to come.——Again, where were the hands that could whiten linen equal to Winifred's hands; Papa's shirts were like so many blossoms on a hawthorn bush——her quality of bed-maker was not inferior to her other accomplishments——what good would it have done to the heart of flint, could it have seen how Papa Owen plunged up to his head and ears in the well-shaken down, crying out, "Ah, this indeed is my earthly paradise."

C H A P. V.

Little Delves, and his great Dog Trimbusk.

AT the age of thirteen, I could never remember to have inhabited any other house than that of Papa Owen—I had believed myself to be his son, until through the medium of my sham sleep, I was better informed; indeed I could never determine whether or not Winifred was my mother; I was never taught to believe it, yet the matter was somewhat doubtful from the extreme indulgence with which she fondled me, there being few women who will take the trouble of spoiling any body's children but their own.

Child of my soul! what a noble rude boy thou art—would Winifred cry out in rapture, when I had been playing tricks that sometimes made Papa angry. I wonder,

der, fir, what you mean by curbing his fine spirit.

Winifred did not over-rate my spirit, I was gay and lively in the extreme; there passed but few hours in the day, in which by dint of strength, and industry, I did not raise some monument to my fame—one neighbour comes to make his complaint, that Master Delves had sent a ball through his windows, and broke the glass in his face.

—Well, says Winifred, and suppose he has, would you desire he should be punished for his adroitness?—another insisted that I ought to be flogged for scaling the walls of his garden; trampling over his flowers, and stealing his apples, his pears, his plumbs, his peaches, his cherries.—

Marry come up, says Winifred, if flowers were not made to be trod upon, they would have grown in the sky, and not upon the ground; and if the fruit had not been good to please the palate, they would not have been planted in your garden.—Once I

had the hardiness to give a slap on each cheek of our rector's little niece—I never liked that girl, says Winifred, if she had not been faucy to our Delves, he would have let her alone.—Another time, I told the school master, he was a drunkard—There is not a greater drunkard upon the face of the earth, says Winifred—Ah ! Winifred, Winifred, never shall I have such a friend again as thee, if I should live till dooms-day.

It was lucky that our neighbours considered Papa only as king consort, instead of reigning monarch in his own family ; the devolving dignity on Winifred, from this idea, made her authority held in the highest respect ; insomuch, that all little Delves's petty offences, were constantly brought before her tribunal, and Papa never heard one half of his roguish tricks. Winifred would not permit that he should be informed of them ; she had many ways, besides scolding, of silencing my accusers, and if necessary
neither

neither spared Hollands, or money, to make them hold their tongues.

Reader I am going to ask you a question, with all reverence to my good Winifred, Did she intend by her mode of education to make of me a *man* or a *devil*? and as you shall solve it to your own conscience, adopt it by your own children, or let it alone.

Winifred would often wonder how it was, that Delves should contrive to wear out a pair of new shoes every fortnight. Now although I did not let her into the secret, I am willing that others should be the wiser for it, to give them an opportunity of admiring all my dexterity. As soon as the maker had put them on my feet, which he never did without grinning at the thoughts of how soon I should give him new employment, I walked to Papa and Winifred, to shew them how well they fitted me, and afterwards as regularly proceeded to the rivulet, to try if they would hold

water, an experiment always attended by a sudden consumption, which the work of man could not stop.

Every pair of breeches as they came from the hands of the taylor, spick and span new, that is to say, made new for me out of Papa's old plush ones, brought with them a fund of amusement; for immediately as Winifred put them on, I went to roll on the grass till I had stained them of the brightest green, and brought them to the thinness of the finest cloth.

To every thing that was white, I had a decided aversion, a natural, therefore an unconquerable antipathy, for which reason when in the morning Winifred put me on clean stockings, white as her own apron, I longed with impetuous anxiety for the moment when I might escape out of the house, to exercise myself in jumping backwards and forwards, over a broad fosse, till tired of the sport, I finished by darting
into

into the middle, and fixing in the soft mud half way up my legs.—Adieu to my white stockings.

Where was the thicket I had not penetrated?—where the tree I had not climbed, or the boy I had not fought in all the neighbourhood?—Sometimes as a pugilist I met with more than my match; on those occasions, I went home and said nothing; but when I had gotten the better, I ran about boasting to every body, that I had conquered a boy, twice as big as myself; for the less redoubtable my adversary, the less my glory in publishing his defeat. I was too courageous to profit by the feebleness of any antagonist; I therefore only publicly threshed great boys, keeping the little ones for my private amusement.

I had one companion—one beloved friend, that I perfectly adored; and whose love for me surpassed the love of women; even the love of Winifred. Never was
master

master and dog so singularly attached to each other, as Delves and his faithful Trim-bush—woe to the daring hand, which should have lift itself against me in his presence——woe to that son of a woman, who had presumed but to snap his fingers at Trim-bush, and Delves within a stick's length of the daring insulter.—Whenever I wrestled in play with my comrades, he contented himself to watch all our motions without interfering; seeing me brisk and merry, it was all he cared for, but if I happened to change my air, for one of grief or displeasure, then would he fly upon my enemy, bite him by the heels, or shake him by the cloaths, until he had brought him to terms of capitulation; and never would I call him off on any other condition than a confession from my adversary, that I should have vanquished him without the interposition of my valiant second.

Until I was twelve years old, Trim-bush carried me on his back——he then frankly
told

told me, I was grown too heavy——you may laugh reader, yet you would not have thought me much out of the way, by saying *he told me* I was too heavy, had you heard his moans, had you seen the piteous looks of imploring mercy he cast upon me, after I had been some months in my teens; whenever I bestrode his back, no eloquence could be more irresistible than the eloquence of Trimbush, he offered up his petition with such humility, couched at my feet with so much affection, that I could not but construe what he would have said to me, into this heart-moving expression, *My dear friend, if you must ride, I will still carry you, though I should die in the act of giving you pleasure.* Who could have resisted such pleadings, such a pleader!——I promised all that he demanded; and rather than incommode him any longer, I formed the degrading resolution of walking on foot, except on very particular occasions.

Although

Although my roguish tricks were out of bounds, my attainments in knowledge were very much within them—a little writing—a little arithmetic—a little reading—and a little praying comprised the whole of all that I had ever learnt in the progress of my studies; and if I held my pen better than another, I take no merit to myself, because I had Papa for a master. Sometimes mother Winifred would interfere, and pretend to give me her instruction, but whenever she exercised that sort of vanity, by affecting to examine me, I wrung my nose at her with an expression of sovereign contempt, for which, she would either punish me by a hearty shake of my shoulders, or reward me with a kiss, just as she happened to be in a good or bad humour with Papa Owen.

It is time now, that I should go out of our own house, to add a few sketches to the finished portraits of Papa, Winifred, Delves, and Trimbush.

C H A P.

C H A P. VI.

Who were our Neighbours.

IN the vicinity of Papa's mansion, lived a certain military man of rank, indeed so very near, that their pleasure-grounds bordered on each other——Papa had nobody but Winifred and me for his solitary companions; Colonel Godolphin had a wife, one son, and two daughters, all under the tuition of the same preceptor; the renowned teacher of philosophy, Mr. Cecil, a man of infinite gravity, if not of infinite wisdom. I had some how or other, but for which of my fine qualities I cannot tell, got into the Colonel's good graces, infomuch that I was invited to assist at the lessons which this reverend tutor daily bestowed upon his other three pupils, an invitation

visitation I should not have accepted with much avidity, if it had not been for one thing more than another, particularly that all my flights and little manly essays were overlooked, and even laughed at, by my gracious patron, so that my sphere for mischief was rather enlarged than contracted by our domestic junction.

The son of this good-humoured Colonel, was a down-right simpleton, an eternal plague to me, and his charming sisters——indeed they were very charming——this brother of theirs had none of that sharpness which rendered us so entertaining to each other, but to make up for the want of spirit, he had a thousand times more application, and learnt double as much in one hour, than we could do in three days, which dubbed him very much the favorite of his sage preceptor; however this preference gave us little jealousy, because we had no great matter of respect for either of them.

The

The Colonel believed that my vivacity would awaken the drowfiness of his big-headed son, which opinion was perhaps the root of his indulgence to all my follies; but the Colonel found himself mistaken, for in spite of my bright example, Numps was still Numps without alteration or variation.—It ever happened, that, in all our trials who should excel in swiftness, the girls and I were at the bottom of the park before he had conveyed his heavy limbs twenty paces from the spot which we called our starting-post.

At the hours of study, he out-stripped us in more than equal proportion to what we had done him in the course; indeed some natural cause might be found for our deficiency on these occasions, besides the common one of stupidity—we were not forced to learn all that we *could*—but permitted to learn all that we *would*—and it was not our ambition to out-shine any body, particularly the heir of the family.

Never

Never could I look on these girls, or they at me without smiling, then laughing, afterwards roaring, and who could have helped doing the same, had they seen the comical faces we were constantly making at each other?—of this rudeness our preceptor dared not complain, one of the fair transgressors being the favourite of her father, the other of her mother; as to me, I was very well with both the Colonel and his lady, the choice companion of Agnetta, and the good friend of Henrietta—thus we three formed a strong league, offensive and defensive, which would not have been broken down though all the family powers had united to demolish it.

I shall not scruple to confess that of vanity for my years I had a pretty good share; but how could I help it, here was Papa indulging me—Winifred coaxing me—Agnetta ever calling me her dear Delves—Henrietta her kind-hearted little brother—their mamma, flaxen-head—the Colonel,

Colonel, pickle, devil, or some such approving appellation—how could I help being proud, thus distinguished by every body with whom I associated? Infant strength can make no defence against so formidable a battery—to hear it repeated a hundred times a day that I was charming, made me wish to be still more admired, so that I often employed strange methods to gain my ends.—If at any time there happened to be at Papa's, or at the Colonel's, any strangers who were so ill-bred as not to make me the object of their attention, I would force them to say something or other about me, by falling upon the first boy or dog that passed by the door, and making a grand riot, or by jumping a ditch and contriving to fall into the midst of it—or by climbing a tree, and shaking the fruit on the heads of those who were walking under it—in short, I would be remarked—no matter for what.

Could

Could any thing be more natural than this desire of attraction? The passion of vanity is the same at every age, the seeds of it are sown in all hearts, it is early developed, but never rooted out; indeed nobody ever tried to give it a pull, or to dig it out of my mind; on the contrary, I was Papa's brave boy, Winifred's darling, the Colonel's plaything, the girls doating-piece, and whenever I sought to kiss the hand of their Mamma, she would present to me her mouth—I must have been more or less than man, not to have been corrupted by so many good endeavours to corrupt me.

C H A P. VII.

The Author makes some steps in advance.

READER, I call upon you, to look back on the beginning of this charming history, where you may see how happily I had the good fortune to escape a sermon, when my tell-tale breath whispered into the nostrils of Winifred that I had been tasting her precious liquor; in truth the mode by which I procured it did not reflect on me so great honour as to make a boasting matter of the business. I tell it much more readily to the world at large, than I should have told it to Winifred, who though extremely partial to me, was, I do verily believe, almost as partial to her fine old Hollands.

Mother Winifred had in her chamber a small convenient cupboard, just large enough

nough to hold half a dozen bottles, for weekly consumption. In all my life I had never been permitted to taste of this divine nectar, because Papa said it would do me harm, and Winifred very wisely observed it would do me no good; therefore that which was proper for those who worked hard or were growing old, ought not to be wasted upon inexperienced children, who when troubles overtook them, would find it a pleasant cordial.

Notwithstanding so much good reasoning, every bottle that was opened sent forth so delicious a flavour, that the temptation became at last too potent for my moderate portion of honesty—ah, enviable cupboard, cried I, if thou wouldst but open to me—I looked round, nobody saw me—I put my little fingers into the hole of the lock—it would not give way—I tried a large pin with which I had cocked my hat that very morning, and bent it in a thousand shapes, but to no purpose; the
lock

lock was invincible, and my anxiety to taste increased with the difficulties of the task before me—I threw away the disabled pin—put my two hands in my pockets—cast my eyes upwards, then downwards—and sighed piteously.—Trimbush, said I, whilst he stood eagerly watching every turn of my countenance, as though he expected to drink mouthful for mouthful; Trimbush, said I, canst thou tell me what I shall do next?—but before he could possibly give his advice, it struck into my head that Winifred did not always carry about her the little key with which she opened this perplexing cupboard. Presently I got upon a chair, passed my hand behind it, over all the ledges of the wainscot, rummaged every corner——No key was to be found—I descended to my former station quite in despair, and with my hands joined, my hat stuck on one ear, I stood in the middle of the room, turning my eyes on every side, when, lo! what did I behold but Winifred's pockets suspended

on a peg behind the door.—How rapidly did I dart upon them—with what eagerness empty them—with what joy seize upon the dear little key—with what rapture open the enchanting cupboard—and with what altogether combined gulp, gulp, gulp, the heaven-brewed Hollands—the more I drank, the more I fancied I was able to drink, and should certainly have compleatly done for myself, if I had not stopped to consider what Winifred would say if I should swallow the whole contents of the uncorked bottle.

Spirits will often make a genius of a sot, and sometimes a sot of a genius, it was exactly my own case. I was now almost a beast, and I think whoever had seen the little man in this woeful plight, would have pitied his condition; the hardest heart must have melted at my sorrow, for on holding the bottle to the light, and seeing that I had drank it below the neck, I was seized upon by contrition, and shed the
scalding

scalding tears of repentance.—It was not so much the chastisement of Winifred that I feared, because she never had, and I knew she never would chastise me; it was the sort of crime I had committed which filled me with shame; however in the midst of my remorse a most fortunate expedient presented itself to my distracted ideas; this was to uncork all the other bottles I could find, taking from each a little, just enough to replenish what I, in my fit of longing had improvidently swallowed. A skrew offered its assistance, I had strength sufficient to draw the corks, and to make myself secure that my theft could not be detected.

Perfectly satisfied with my dexterity, I tranquilly returned the key to Winifred's pocket, and with the most happy indolence went out to recover my equilibrium in the fresh air, and just then it was that I met Winifred, who had been to town on some errand for Papa—beheld me lying before

the door, extended at my full length, brought thus low by that treacherous air, on which I had relied for the support of my giddy brain and tottering steps; both failed me at the same moment, to save myself I caught hold of the paling, but the paling gave way also, and I fell to the ground—I saw mother Winifred approaching—she advances nearer—with what noble assurance did I look Winifred in the face!——Ah! my poor child, what is the matter with thee—asked she.—There is nothing the matter with me, I replied, only that I am tired with play, and my head is so giddy with running round, that I am not able to stand.—Then I will carry thee, said the good Winifred, and taking me up in her arms, tenderly conveyed me to the bed of Papa, where I soon fell asleep, but awoke in the very nick of time to overhear the mysterious conversation with which I begun my first chapter.

Thus

Thus amiable reader, like a skilful guide I have led you by the nearest cuts, back to that spot from whence we sat out together.

C H A P. VIII.

The Garland.

HAVING jumped off the bed and made my escape from Winifred, in three minutes I found myself near the Colonel's. I stopped at the garden fence, and looking over it, saw Agnetta sitting down on the grass picking flowers, and forming them into a sort of garland.—I will surprize her, said I, clambering silently over the fence—I will come behind her, clap my hands upon her eyes, and frighten her out of her senses.

I stole along so softly that I came behind her without her perceiving me—she

was muttering something as she turned from right to left, plucking whatever was pretty and sweet, that grew within her reach—what could she be saying to herself?—I had as much curiosity to know this, as a little before I had felt to taste the forbidden liquor; I even sacrificed the pleasure of making her start, to the gratification of hearing her speak, and afterwards laughing at her folly.

I had put myself into a convenient attitude for listening more than a minute, before I could make out what she was talking about, though her lips I could see by their corners were incessantly moving; at last throwing the garland on the ground—I have a great mind, said she, to make no more of it—a naughty boy, near twelve o'clock, and not yet come—when the clock has struck I must go to my lessons—and we shall have no play this morning.

I was

I was ready to die with laughing, but stifled the inclination because I wanted to know what more she would say about me.

Yes, continued she, Delves is a very very naughty boy—but why should I quarrel with my flowers—and she took up her garland from the grass, beginning to new arrange it, but still talking to herself the whole time—I know he loves to play with me better than any body—when he makes believe as if he was a king, and I say to him my dear Delves you must not do that, he is very good indeed, and always obeys me—but when Henrietta lays any command on him he wrings up his nose, and will do nothing that she bids him—I wish he had come this morning, for I do love him he is so comical.

Instead of Winifred's cordial getting into my head, one would have thought it had only affected my heart, because nothing but

anarchy and confusion now reigned in that little monarchy, I did not know for what, or for why.—It was the first symptom of bashfulness I had ever experienced, and I felt so awkward under it, that I should certainly have ran away from the sound of my own praises, if something stronger than modesty had not fastened my feet to the spot where I was standing; it was the voice of Agnetta, who thus pursued her mutterings.

This beautiful garland when I have given it to Delves—I know what will become of it—he tears every thing to pieces—yet it would vex me if he should want to destroy it—I must trust to his good-nature for that—I can tell him one thing, that if he does spoil it, I will never make him another—No, no, how can he injure it?—for I will take care and put it in a safe place till lessons are over, when he shall wear it on his head, and carry it home with him.

Again

Again I was forced to hold my sides and draw in my breath, or I should have roared out at the figure she meant to make of me; if it had been Henrietta I should have burst upon her, have laughed at, and tormented her; but to laugh at the gentle, the obliging Agnetta, called for more effrontery than I was just then master of, nor did I desire she should find out that I had already been so near. I waited yet a moment to watch her interesting motions, for whenever she placed a new flower in her garland, with the sweetest grace in the world each time that she viewed it she would smile, and nod her little head in token of approbation. When she ceased speaking, I slid quietly away, and ran round by another path till I came to the bottom of the garden, in the very front of which Agnetta was sitting; there I took to my heels, and galloped towards her, shouting with such violence, as could not fail to announce the approach of a play-fellow, for whom it was evident

she was waiting with the utmost impatience.

You are a pretty boy, indeed, cried she, running to meet me, her hair floating in the wind, and her cheeks the colour of wild roses—yes, you are a very pretty young gentleman—I wonder what you think you are to learn when you come so late to your lesson.

As to that Agnetta, I do not much care—but however, you need not be in a passion, for I am come now before it is lesson time.

No, no, it is twelve.

I tell you it is not twelve.

So much the better, but are you sure the clock has not struck ?

I am

I am quite fure of it.

Still it was very heedless of you Delves, not to come sooner, we shall get no play I fear before we are shut up.

Why not—we have more than half an hour to spare.

Well then, what shall we do?

Run.

No, I don't like that.

Climb, or box.

Worse and worse—suppose we sit down and play at visiting—you shall be Mr. Darcy who comes to see Papa, and I will be Mamma, and give orders as she does for your reception.—She went aside, feigning to speak to the servants, whilst I neither liking her child's play, or the part

which she had allotted me, I threw myself along upon the grass, and began rolling about with all my might, when Agnetta screamed out, clasping her two little hands together, ah! unlucky boy, you have spoilt my garland.—Not at all, said I, drawing it from under me, see here, not one of its stalks are broken. She examined it with affected anger—I am sure you have done it no good—I designed it for Henrietta—but now that you have bruised it so, I don't know what to do with it—stop, only look what a fib you have told—here it wants a flower, and this blossom you have quite crushed—I can never think now of giving it to Henrietta.

Then give it to me, Miss Agnetta.

Yes to be sure—I wish you would be a little more sober Master Delves.

Well, try me—fetch me one of your dolls and see if I will not dress it as soberly
as

as you do——only don't let me play at that odious visiting, there is nothing else that I would not do to please you.

You are very kind, but I wish fir you was not so rude for all that——what shall I do with this nasty garland?

Give it to me I tell you.

No indeed.

Well then keep it.

So I shall to be sure, now that you have made it unfit for Henrietta's acceptance.

And so you may if you like, Miss Agnetta——I can make as fine a one as yours whenever I please.

Oh fy, Master Delves, this is another fib, for where would *you* get these fine flowers.

Where

Where these grew, I shall find as good.

Oh! but these are my Papa's, and your Papa has none so beautiful in his garden.

I do not care whether the flowers belong to your Papa or to mine, but I will gather them when and where I please, and I began pulling them up as fast as I could with both my hands.

She looked at me from the corner of her eye, turning her garland round and round, at last from a natural effort of her sex's coquetry, finding I would not speak she cried out, with vivacity, Dear me, Delves, pray see, is not that a fine purple and yellow Margaret at your right—do pull it for me, I have found a place for it in my garland—I gave it to her, but without uttering a word—she smiled—filly boy, are you angry? why don't you see I
am

am only in jest—you know Papa's flowers are yours, as much as they are ours—come let us shake hands and be friends.

The clock struck twelve, she gave me her left hand and with her right unperceived by me, slipped the garland over my head, and we ran like two young mountain deers towards the house.

CHAP. X.

The Master and his Scholars.

AGNETTA and I precipitated ourselves into the school-room, hopping, skipping, and dancing; already there were assembled, Cecil our austere school-master, Henrietta, and the young Godolphin.

Another time if you come in so quick, says old Gravity, you may chance to fall
and

and break your foreheads——fy, fy, children, this is too bad to enter an apartment appropriated to study, and at the very hour of lecture, like two galloping race-horses.——Without seeming to hear him, almost out of breath, and smiling at each other, we took our places.

Mr. Delves—your catechism—I hope you have *got* your catechism?

Indeed Sir I have *forgot* it.

Unpardonable negligence——pray where is your book?

I have left it at home, but I can look over Miss Agnetta's.

Preserve us child!——what is that I see upon your head——I put up my hand, and for the first time felt that I was crowned with the fortunate garland, and at the same instant resolved to support my rights to a
crown

crown once despised, but now by some enchantment rendered so dear to me, that I would not have exchanged it for a regal one.

I ask you, young gentleman, what is the meaning of that fool's flag which you carry on your head?—don't you see it sets my scholars all in a titter?—I command that it be taken off instantly.

Good Mr. Cecil, dear Sir, I cannot part with it.

Cannot! we will try that presently.

No, indeed, Sir, I cannot part with it, but I promise, if you will let me alone, I will sit very quiet.

I tell you I will have that crown taken off and destroyed——He moved towards me—I towards the door—Good God, cried Numps throwing down his book, who can study in such a jargon of nonsense?

The

The displeasure of his favourite pupil, which was visible enough, inspired the Pendant with redoubled fury against the innocent garland ; and fearing that he would tear it off my head, I endeavoured to secure it by flight. I heard Agnetta give a piercing cry as I passed the door, and the enraged Cecil, as he shut it after me, muttering between his fallow gums, 'Go naughty little wretch—Go.

I went at first no further than the room adjoining, where walking up and down, backwards and forwards, in a great deal of trouble, I could not readily determine whether to go home, and face the repentment of Winifred, for the profanation of her household God, or go back to the school-room, to comfort poor Agnetta, as well as to shew her by defending her favors, how worthy I was to possess them.—This last plan appeared the most manly. I therefore adopted it ; but fearing preceptor Cecil might stand behind the door, to snatch
away

away my crown as I re-entered, I opened it softly with one hand, whilst with the other I held behind my back the precious gift of Agnetta.—I saw with satisfaction that our old master was returned to his place at the bottom of the room—my courage revived—I glided along by the wall till I reached the side of Agnetta, when looking boldly round me I stretched out my arm, and re-fixed the garland on my head.

Preceptor Cecil, who ought to have admired my intrepidity, pretended to have intirely overlooked it. He questioned Henrietta on her catechism, with the greatest composure, but many sly looks which he glanced side-ways on my crown, put me on my guard, and made me suspect that a storm was brewing under a fair sky. I therefore, narrowly watched all his motions, and whenever it seemed as if he intended to make a move, I was up in a moment, and so was my hand, to secure the
darling

darling garland. Don't let him take it from you, said Agnetta, in a whisper.—No, replied I, as softly; I will first lose every drop of blood in my body.

The treachery of this confounded preceptor, was inconceivable: who would have thought after sitting quiet more than ten minutes, he should watch when I was reading out of Agnetta's book, to start up and uncrown me, even before I knew that he had changed his position.—To describe my fury is impossible, I flew at him like a tyger; blow followed blow, levelled against his woolpack paunch to make him let go my garland; but this did not in the least disconcert him; on the contrary, he laid hold of me by the shoulders with the design of hauling me before the Colonel, when frightened out of my wits, at what would be my sentence, I exerted all my strength, broke from his grasp, and crying out, Farewel good for nothing old Pedant. I flew down stairs, bounced out of the house;

house; between which, and Papa's, I sat down under a hedge, to cool my passion, and to ruminate on the awkwardness of my situation.

C H A P. XI.

The Author between two Fires.

ALAS! poor Delves, thou hast to divert thy childish fancy, set two houses in a blaze, and now dreading the effects of thy own mischief, bewildered and forlorn, down thou sittest between both. Unfortunate boy, thou dost not know whether thou shalt turn to the right, or to the left. Whether to face Winifred, and undergo the examination thou darest worse than death, of how thou gottest at her cupboard; or wouldst thou go back to the Colonels, where preceptor Cecil is waiting to devour thee—he will never forget thy blows, he would never forgive thy words—farewel
good

good for nothing old pedant.——No, it is impossible that he should either forget or forgive——it was certainly, to make the best of it, a very unlucky expression.

I went on reasoning like a philosopher, and like a philosopher bewildered myself in the confusion of my own ideas. The old Pedant, muttered I, after the fashion of Agnetta, as she made up her garland——the old Pedant, I should not fear to box him with one hand tied behind me——but to be sure by this time he has complained of my bad behaviour to the Colonel, who no doubt will tell Papa——he will say to him, Mr. Owen that vile boy Delves shall enter my doors no more——his example is enough to corrupt my children——take care neighbour, and keep the little devil at home, for if he comes here again I shall have him turned out by the shoulders.——What a frightful sentence!——what, never more behold my dear playmates, Agnetta, and Henrietta!——I actually roared under
the

the scourge I had invented for my own torment ; every stroke of which became sharper and sharper at the idea, that when I was shut out from the great house, I should be shut up in the little one with Papa for my constant companion, who finding me reprobated by the Colonel, would never rest, or let me rest, till he had made me write like copper-plate.

There appeared but one medium, by which I could escape the misfortunes which hung over my head ; it was that of taking to my heels, and running from them faster than they could pursue me.—Yes, cried I, rolling on the grass in agony, and wetting it with my tears ;—yes, poor Delves, thy disgrace will ever cling to thee, if thou stayest any longer where it has befallen thee—thou hast nothing to do but fly where it will not overtake thee ; it is better be thy own master, than a slave—it is better travel than write.

With

With these words in my mouth, I sprang from the ground, and with the cursed Hollands still in my head, ran towards the Colonel's garden, to take one more glimpse, if I could catch it, of the two beloved girls whom I was never to see again ; for by this time, my resolution was irrevocably taken to move off with all possible expedition.

My hair standing on end, my eyes streaming with tears, which were turned into a muddy current, in running down my pale cheeks, impregnated with dirt, by rubbing my hands over them, after having torn up the earth by handfuls in my philosophical agony. In this condition, I left the garden fence, and hid myself amongst the shrubs, to wait till lessons were over, when I was sure my two playmates would come there, to look for their disgraced favorite.

Of what a giant growth is impatience ; the half hour which I passed between the rose and the myrtle, appeared to me as so many
ages

ages spent in purgatory ; in vain my neighbours spread out all their charms, to seduce my attention, and shed all their perfumes to regale my senses. I should have been quite as comfortable, had my rose bush turned to a bed of nettles, and my myrtle to a serpent ; so ungovernable was my rage to see the girls, and to be gone.

My eyes ached with the perpetual messages, on which I was sending them. At length they told my heart, which jumped at the news, that they were fast approaching to my bower, hand in hand ; each crying, and suspecting my unlucky self to be the cause of their tears, I bounced forwards to meet them, and never having felt so soft a moment in my whole life, I threw my arms round their necks. Our innocent embraces were blended, and we all three sobbed in concert.

Henrietta was the first to break the melancholy silence. So Master Delves, said

she, you have made a fine piece of work ; our cross governor is gone to tell Papa, I assure you.—Indeed, indeed, Delves, she tells you the truth, and we are ready to break our hearts, added Agnetta.—And who cares, replied I, with my usual cheerfulness ; let him tell what he will, I shall shew him one trick, that shall be worth two of his.—My courage re-animated, and my tenderness diminished. I tell you what, continued I ; before your Papa can carry the tale to my Papa, I shall be far enough out of their reach ; and I am only come here to bid you good bye.—Why, where are you going, asked Henrietta. Is Mr. Darcy to carry you away with him, when he comes back?—No, no sister, cried Agnetta ; Delves will do no such thing, as to go away and leave us.—Yes but I shall though, rather than stay here to be abused, to be forbid playing with you, and to be made to write all day long, ding dong, with Papa ; so I tell you once for all you will see me no more. God bless you both,

both, sometimes think of little Delves ; and away I scampered with my two friends, out-stripping even my own speed, to overtake me ; and having seized each on the flap of my coat, they made me their prisoner.

C H A P. XII.

Like Adam driven from Paradise.

A GAIN my heart was melted, by the screams and cries of my infant companions ; and standing between them, my eyes fixed on the ground, they with their frocks wiped off the big tears that would have fallen upon it, if they had not intercepted them, and we were once more locked in a fraternal embrace, when on a sudden we were roused by the sound of a voice, but too familiar to our ears.—Fy, Agnetta ! fy, Henrietta ! separate yourselves from that naughty boy !

They obeyed her command, but durst not look on the angry countenance of Mamma Godolphin, who added, Go little rogue, go about your business, and let me never see you again, till you mend your manners.—I fell down on my knees, but it did not signify, she dragged away the two children, and I saw them no more.

C H A P. XIII.

A little more than a Gentleman.

MY female reader, no doubt, must find her yielding heart prodigiously interested in the fate of so charming a youth, who wants only a few years to make him an eligible object of her pursuit—perhaps from this early predilection for the curly pated Delves, she will not be sorry to be told something about Mr. Darcy, who she might suppose to be his very good friend, because the little Henrietta seemed to indicate some apprehen-

apprehensions, that he was going away with him on his next visit.

Mr. Darcy was, I suppose, a little more than a gentleman ; because since I have finished the home circuit of my travels, and struck into the Great Road of the Great World, I have discovered, that it is not enough to be merely a gentleman, to be received into every family with the same marks of distinction, which every where followed the appearance of Mr. Darcy ; sometimes his visits were made to the great house, and sometimes Papa Owen was honored with them ; for since my remembrance, he never missed coming twice every year, either to one, or the other ; and when it was our turn to have the honor of entertaining him, Papa and Winifred were out of their wits with joy ; one would have thought they looked upon him as a celestial apparition.

This more than gentleman, like all the rest of the World, declared the little Delves was the most lovely, and the most wonderful of Dame Nature's productions. He was never tired of looking at, or of caressing me, and as dogs and children always know who is fond of them; so I never failed to be the first, to throw myself into his arms.

When I had been driven from the Colonel's garden, I reflected with despair, that Papa Owen expected to see Mr. Darcy, either that night, or the day following; and the dread of beholding him through the cloud, that at present obscured my brightness, was another motive for fixing me to my stubborn determination, of running away.——Every time he came to either of the houses, I was his constant companion, and to the thousand questions he put to me concerning my learning, and my conduct, since he saw me last, I had no repugnance to tell him, with all the frankness of innocence,

cence, every thing I could recollect.—

Alas! that was no longer the case; I had lost my character with every body. I had robbed Papa of his Hollands, I had beat my governor, I had disobliged the Colonel, and had been driven out of Paradise, by the Colonel's lady; even Winifred would now fail to speak a good word for the poor culprit, had I not that very morning picked her pockets?—The last words he said to me, six months before, now tickled in my ears. Respect, said he, your father, and your master, obey them in all things, and conciliate the friendship of every body.—Instead of which, I had robbed my father, beat my master, and forfeited the friendship of every body.—No, not of every body; I had still one friend left to console me, it was Trimbush; and I determined to run all hazards in going back to Papa's, rather than not have him for the companion of my flight.

Trembling, for fear I might be seen by Winifred, I slid softly into the court, and found this only friend, peaceably sleeping in his wooden house.—I took him by the ear—he snarled.—I gave it a gentle squeeze, and he opened his large fiery eyes—they were filled with softness on seeing before him, the object he loved best in all the World; he wagged his tail, and shut his huge jaws; but observing he was however more inclined to finish his nap, than to begin a journey, No, no, said I, Trimbush, this is the wrong time for you to indulge the repose of indolence; get up, get up, said I impatiently, and follow me instantly; he obeyed my commands, raised his heavy sides, stretched out his long limbs, and last of all, kissed my hand with great humility, as though he had thought me a little more than a gentleman, and together, we left the paternal habitation—Trimbush with a heart as light as a feather, Delves with one as heavy as lead.

C H A P.

C H A P. XIV.

Repentance.

MODERN Travellers ride post through Europe, without allowing themselves to look at any thing, because they have not time to examine every thing; this was not exactly the case of Delves and his governor Trimbush, for they had more time than they could very well tell how to dispose of to their advantage; and yet in point of speed, the most fashionable young men of the ton, could not have boasted any thing like it.

For the first three hours we pursued our unknown way on a full gallop, that is to say, we ran every step of it. The best poneys in the world could not have held

out longer, without a bit and a drop to help them on. No bit or drop had we, except to chew the cud of repentance, and to swallow our own bitter tears, deserve to be called refreshment. I shall always speak in the plural number, for I am sure Trim-bush's inconveniences were very little inferior to those I experienced. I proposed to him that we should slacken our pace, to which he joyfully assented; assuring me by wagging his tail, that he infinitely preferred a trot to a gallop. He was still better pleased when my strength would only permit me to creep, as he had then time to scrape acquaintance, though a very transitory one, with several dogs of condition, who either met him *en passant*, or to whom he made himself known, as they sat in magisterial sobriety, at their own doors, drawing in at their open nostrils the salubrious air of the evening. It is beyond my abilities to say what were the subjects of these short conversations, though I cannot flatter myself that I was concerned in them, because had he

he once entered on the misfortunes of his dearest friend, they would have so deeply engaged him, that a second, third, or fourth whistle would hardly have recalled him, whereas he always returned to me on the very first summons.

Sometimes we were in lanes, sometimes in fields, here a house, and there a house, thinly scattered, but like other unlucky wights, who never call after fortune till she is out of hearing, we passed them all; and let me with contrition confess it, that my burning blushes kindled by shame would not let me ask assistance as long as I could do without it.

I can form no idea of the number of miles we had travelled, when night having risen from her toilet without my knowing what she had been about, overtook us in the open fields, trailing after her a black flowing mantle, in which she completely wrapped me up with all the rest of nature's

numerous family. The gloom which she every where spread around her startled my senses, and humbled my proud heart, so that I would have knocked at the door of a beggar if he would have opened it to receive me; nay, I could even have snatched from the mendicant the morsel charity had put into his hand, so faint, so hungry, so overpowered with fatigue, was the poor miserable runaway.

Trimbush looked at me—I shall never forget the glance of his expressive large eyes—what would you advise me to do Trimbush? said I, in a tone of despair—we were standing still under a large tree when I called him to council. He mounted his bear-like paws on my shoulders—gave a languid bark and laid down at my feet. I threw myself by his side, my aching head fell on his shaggy hide, and for two hours we both slept profoundly.

My

My dreams were very much disturbed. I saw in them Papa Owen, Winifred, Mr. Darcy, the Colonel, the Colonel's Lady, and the horrible Pedagogue, and every one of them ready to tear me in pieces. My terrors in waking from this frightful vision, were inconceivable, the earth seemed to shake under me, and having often heard Papa talk of earthquakes, I expected to be swallowed up out of hand. I groaned piteously, and awakened my friend, who, I believe, might have thought me a little unreasonable, because he had not like me been initiated into the mysteries of philosophy, and probably never heard of such a thing as an earthquake; however he was of a disposition so accommodating to my humour, that he suffered no internal chagrin to appear: on the contrary, he exerted his best abilities to divert my fears by jumping round me, and barking at the moon which was just then peeping out from under the arm of night, and the earth by this time having recovered its firmness, I sat bolt upright.—I looked
round

round to make myself sure that the personages of whom I had been dreaming were not at my heels, and now, being a little refreshed, though my bones seemed dissolved into sinews, I once more jumped on my feet, and giving Trimbush three hearty hugs round the neck, in pity that neither he or I had eaten any thing since our morning repast; I said to him, my dear companion, let us make the best of our moonshine, and try if we cannot by morning meet with something to satisfy our hunger.

He certainly understood every word I uttered, for immediately he put his nose first in one pocket, then in another, as much as if he had replied, Why to be sure you have not been such a fool as to set out on your wild-goose chase without some small portion of provision.—I now saw the whole force of my want of foresight, and penetrated to the very core of my heart, by his gentle rebuke; I would have made him
a thou-

a thousand apologies for my blameable negligence if I had not known him too honest to relish compliments, and too wise to take offence where no offence was intended.

We walked on now to the right, then to the left, without opening our mouths to each other, till Aurora, who for some time had stood blinking on the top of the distant mountains lowering her top-sails, hit me such a slap in the face as made me cry out, Delves, thou canst go no further; in short the heat was so intolerable, that I laid down with Trimbush as before for my pillow, whose loud snoring very soon sent me to rest, and my dreams were no longer disturbed by the phantoms of those dear friends who were not snatched from me, but from whom I had departed.

My situation was near a hedge, on the outside of which passed a narrow lane. I mention this circumstance, as it was the means

means of introducing me to a glimmering but momentary comfort.

The heavy sound of cart wheels rumbling through this friendly lane made me start.—It was worse than the earthquake—I fancied it must be Papa coming after me in his gig, drawn by Nutmeg, and perhaps Mother Winifred sitting beside him—quaking and trembling, I ventured to peep through the hedge—and saw—oh! reader, if thou hast ever felt the excruciating pangs of hunger as I then felt them—guess what were my transports when I saw the carter, sitting on the shafts with a great piece of bread and cheese in his hands, which he seemed to devour with so much greediness, that fearing it would be all gone if I waited to look for a gap or a stile, I fairly bolted through the hedge, leaving some of my skin on the briars to answer for the trespass.—The nut which harbours a maggot will not contain an elephant. Trimbush, who had the vanity to conceive

conceive himself as slim as his pupil, entered the breach I had made, and sticking in the middle set up such a howl as forced me in spite of tyrant appetite to turn back and release him, but not till I had implored the clown for God's sake not to eat all his bread and cheese till I had let go my dog——Arn't you a pretty blackguard, says he, to think I don't know no better than to give my bread and cheese to strangers?——This incivility did not much discompose me; I knew the moment my second was at liberty I need not be my own provider, so with my head turned over my shoulder to watch the carter's motions, I worked so hard with both hands that Trim-bush in two seconds feeling himself at liberty set up a roar of thanksgiving, the deepness of his tones, or the immensity of his size, or the starvation of our looks, and why not the latter, it is unlike a christian to put the worst construction on any man's conduct; kindness, if you dig deep, may be found under a rough exterior.——I can't stand

stand arguing the matter, but so it was, that when I repeated my cries to the carter that he would stop and give me some of his bread and cheese, he actually did stop—— this was not all, for seeing the tears trickle down my cheeks, he told me if I wanted a ride in my way to school he would let me sit at the cart's tail and welcome, but as to his bread and cheese he still persisted he could never think of giving that out of his own mouth to strangers, who did not seem likely to do so much by him.

His kind offer of taking me up in his cart had such an effect on my grateful heart, that I could rather have yielded up the ghost than have desired my companion to take from him by force, what he refused resigning to my intreaties; I therefore thankfully accepted the lift, and at my desire he also put down the sliding-board behind, that my friend might be accommodated as well as myself; both of us pushing him with all our strength, or for want of know-
ing

ing how to enter a carriage he might never have ascended.

C H A P. XV.

The Powers of Sympathy.

BEING now placed at our ease in an empty cart, I thought my travelling governor must feel himself quite at home, for regardless of what further befel his pupil, like other gentlemen bear-leaders, he took care of number one, and thrusting his nose into the only truss of straw he could find, seemed to sleep the sounder for having left me in such good company.

Meantime, with a nosegay sweeter than a bunch of hot-house roses, at the distance only of a few inches from that tube through which the sense of smelling receives its high-flavoured

flavoured gratification, it was impossible I should think of tasting repose, or indeed of any other enjoyment but what was comprehended in the vision I had seen of bread and cheese. I call it a vision, because it had vanished from my sight into the carter's pocket.

The charms of the finest woman upon the face of the earth, had never so many attractions for her lover, as this same highly scented cheese had for the grumbling bowels of poor Delves; nor would he have adventured more dangers to snatch her from all his rivals, than I would have done to snatch my favourite from the pouch of my benefactor—yet there is a wide difference between the lover of a lady, and the lover of bread and cheese. No cross carter could hide her face in his pocket, where, alas, the object of my passion was concealed.

Every

Every moment I said to myself, Delves, die honest, though thou diest hungry.— I had need of this moral lesson, as each time that I repeated it, I had gained an inch or two nearer the repository of my milky treasure; and when arrived so very close that the fumes issuing from it almost overturned my reasoning faculties, I began blubbering with all my might.

“What ails you,” cried my steady guide, without turning to look at me, “ar’nt it a shame for such a big boy to make a noise like a calf?—What, I suppose you be going to school against your mind?”

No, said I, still sobbing, I wish I was at school again with all my heart—and never did I speak the truth with more frankness, for if I had been under the rod of old Cicil I should not have been starving in a cart.

“Mayhap then you be going to keep holiday with your friends, and mayhap they
“beant

“beant kind to you seeing you be their re-
“lation.”

All this time he did not offer to put his hand in his pocket, which I every moment expected he would have done, and being mad with impatience, I wish my good father said I, that you would eat your bread and cheese.

“Hast thou learned no better manners
“boy, but still to be hankering after what
“don’t confarn thee?”

Indeed, indeed, cried I, wringing my hands, I am very, very hungry, and if you will but let me only smell to your bread and cheese, I am sure it will save my life.

At this exclamation he turned full upon me, with mouth and eyes both extended at the same time, drawing the delicious ambrosia from his pouch, he put both
bread

bread and cheese into my trembling hands with these words——“if thou beest really
“starving, not only smell, but eat.”

My transport at this unexpected sentence was so great, that it robbed me of utterance; but before I put one morsel to my mouth I awakened Trimbush that he might partake of my feast, as he had contentedly done of my fast. Having both eat as much as we could, that is to say, as much as we had to eat, I fell down on my knees in gratitude to the gracious founder, and my friend with more than courtly sincerity, assured him by a lick of his hand how happy he should be if chance ever put it in his power to be of use either to himself, his family, or his friends. Perceiving however all his eloquence to be thrown away on a man who did not understand one word of the language in which he had dressed up his charming sentiments, with an air of offended dignity he returned to his sofa.

C H A P. XVI.

Unpremeditated Separation.

WHY you and your dog, said the carter, as soon as my governor had withdrawn, do seem to be despart fond of one another, like as if you was own brothers, you have both eat woundy hearty, but much good may it do ye.—I don't love your funny tricks upon travellers, but when I meet two sober wayfaring men, who tell me they han't a bit of bread to put in their mouths, you see I can be charitable as well as another; but now my youngster I wish you would recreate me with the story about your ownself. I love such melancholy histories to my heart, I often spend my penny upon that sort of learning; seemingly yours must be as doleful as the Babes in the Wood, and when you have told it to me, I shall say you have paid for all the bread

bread and cheese which was to last me breakfast and dinner, with a bit left to make out supper, though you and to'ther seemed to clear it all up in a minute.

I let the honest clown talk on as long as he pleased without interrupting him, all which time I was trying to plan a History that would satisfy him without discovering who I was, but, being a strict adherent to the principles of truth, and unable to find what I wanted without deviating far from her precepts, I pretended to fall asleep.

"Poor boy," cried the clown, "belly full, heart dull," then turned his face from me, his thoughts to business, and chearing up his horse, he rumbled on whistling as he went.

By the time I had settled myself, we were entered upon a broad road between two mountains, the sides of which were covered with brush wood, rising perpendi-

cular at the distance of a few meadows. I lifted up my head to admire the beauty of the scenery, when, oh ! ill-fated stars, my imagination conjured up a spectre full of terror. It was a man about the size of Papa coming towards us, mounted on a horse so like my old acquaintance *Nutmeg*, that I had no doubt of its being himself in full cry, pursuing the run-aways ; now that the cravings of appetite were appeased, no misfortune was equally dreaded to that of being forced to shew my face where I expected, because I deserved no mercy.—— Actuated by these sentiments, at one leap I cleared myself from the cart, and without taking leave, darted through two large gaps sufficiently spacious to admit at once myself and my friend side by side. We flew to the foot of the mountain, where we plunged head and ears into the under-wood, from which we did not venture to lift up our heads until day began to decline.

Not-

Notwithstanding what has been said a thousand times by the wisest of men, that the sweetest moments of life are those of reflection, I found it far otherwise in my rural bower where I had nothing to draw off my attention, nothing to eat, nothing to do but think, and when one are forced upon an occupation, however salutary, it is seldom one makes a comfortable use of it.

Once more a prey to the most tormenting hunger with a tongue parching in my mouth, I rolled on the grass in despair; it would not afford even a drop of dew to cool my burning lips. Trimbush, whose tongue for many hours had been hanging out of his mouth, his sides panting, his eyes fixed on me with an expression that seemed to reproach me for his extreme misery, now placed his head on my knees, and whined so piteously, that, forgetting my own wants I ran about like a mad child till I had found a wet ditch, from the bottom of which I extracted a few spoonfuls

of muddy water in the crown of my hat, and having presented it to my governor, who testified the most perfect satisfaction, I afterwards swallowed some sips of the same beverage, taking it up as clear as I could in the palm of my hand.

CH A P. XVII.

Something like an Adventure.

TRUDGING along with the mud sticking in my throat, neither looking to the right or left, always having the fear of Papa before my eyes, now weeping, now pouring out my complaints in the ear of my fellow sufferer, we arrived after walking more than an hour at the entrance of a beautiful meadow, which put me very much in mind of Godolphin Park, from whence I had been so disgracefully driven, though of much smaller dimensions. The boundary of this pleasure ground was a verdant

verdant terrace, the sides of which were clothed with shrubs all in full blossom, their colours beautifully varied, and their fragrant smell the odour of nature's own sweet bag ; but what pleased me and my partner more than all the rest, was a stream of the pure element for which we both languished, and of which we both drank most plentifully : to get at this luxury with the greater ease, I knelt down and laying my face flat on the water sucked it up like an horse.

" Hold," cried a melodious voice soft as the shepherd's pipe, in the valley of echo, " what are you about child, if you are warm with running so much, cold water will be the death of you."

I got up in the greatest state of confusion, My God^o madam, said I, give us a bit of bread for we are both starving.

" Both," replied the lovely girl, " I see only yourself."

Do me the honor to know my friend also, and I pointed to Trimbush, who being remarkably polite to women, children, and little dogs, walked round this charming phantom; having smelt out that she was kind hearted, he licked her white hands which were ungloved, and made me comprehend that he thought her very amiable.

When I presented my travelling governor to the young lady, she burst into a fit of laughing, and patting him on his head, said she had no doubt of our being very proper associates; but what were you saying, added she, about starving? by your figure as well as address I can hardly suppose you a little vagabond.

Whatever I am, believe me, Madam, I am famishing with hunger, and so is my dog.

Well, I shall take care of you both by and bye; in the mean time will you do me a favor?

Oh

Oh yes, I will do any thing you bid me, but first give me something to eat.

Go to that house, said she, deliver this note to the master of it, tell him, that she who committed it to your charge also desires him to entertain you with the best his pantry affords.

The small neat mansion to which I was dispatched with this delightful message, was hardly two hundred yards from the spot on which we had met, and she said I should find her there on my return. Oh! with what joy did we bound and skip to the dwelling of plenty, which was so concealed by thick plantations that I never should have discovered it but for the Angel of Pity who pointed it out to my observation.

Behold us arrived at the door, and see the little Delves in his official character of ambassador extraordinary thundering on it

with all the strength he could exert to gain admittance, but oh! gentle reader, guess what must have been our disappointment when after hammering against it with sticks and stones for upwards of ten minutes, after climbling up to the windows, and wistfully looking into several neat apartments, not a human being could be heard or seen; there was now but one resource left, it was to try what our voices would do, for well I knew that the moment I set up a shout Trimbush would join in chorus, and such a tremendous yell as we raised between us must have roused the quick or dead, if quick or dead had been within hearing.

Nothing now could be done than to go back from whence we came: the lady was reposing in an arbour of honeysuckles at the bottom of the meadow, her back was towards us and a young man sitting by her side. Children, like women, have a natural propensity to be meddling with what does not concern them, this is the only rational apology

apology to be made for the freedom of my intrusion on their privacy. Unperceived, I drew so near by a side-long direction as to hear the lady say, I am sorry that not one of your family should be at home to relieve the poor child, and receive the note I sent by him; suppose he should be a little villain, and carry it to my father, he was the first messenger I met with, and yet I don't know how to mistrust him, he is the loveliest boy you ever saw, so much candour, so much goodness, so much honesty in his countenance, that even his staying so long gives me very little alarm.

C H A P. XVIII.

*Delves receives his first Instructions on the
Art of making Love.*

I Could not see the young man's face, but his back looked very like a gentleman. Child as I was, I passed this judgement from having observed that the shoulders of some gentlemen who visited at Colonel Godolphin's and were esteemed at the head of fashion, besides being plastered with grease and powder, were remarkable also for a slouching kind of stoop which the Colonel's lady very often checked me for turning into ridicule, declaring it to be the very criterion of a gentleman.

Prejudiced in favor of the lady from her good-nature, and thinking very well of the gentleman from his shoulders, I suffered even the pangs of hunger to find out what they

they were doing ; I say doing, because the gentleman held the lady by the hand, which he very often pressed to his lips with great fervour.

My dearest, my beloved Charlotte, said he, you know your father once approved of me for his son-in-law, and that it is only because Mr. Watkins has a few more acres, that I am cruelly, most cruelly, excluded from the only view of felicity my persevering stars have ever permitted me to contemplate. You are of age, you are your own mistress, I ask no fortune from your father, love and competency are our own ; you have promised to decide on my fate before we part, speak, adorable mistress of my soul's affection, shall I call you mine to-morrow, or are you determined to banish me from this country for ever ?

At this critical moment my ears were saluted by several musical instruments that sounded at no great distance ; the young

lady starting up, cried out, Dear Charles, I am yours for ever, but fly, leave me, or we are lost ! He kissed her hand and fled, I then saw his face was handsome, perhaps the more so from being illumined by the expression of a fortunate passion.

I now came forward and gave an account of my luckless expedition. She received back her note, and with an air of ineffable sweetness took me by the hand, and asking if I had strength to run a short pace which should terminate in a good supper and comfortable bed, with the fleetness of a winged sylph she dragged me after her through many turnings and windings for the space of ten minutes, when suddenly we found ourselves at the entrance of a fine house, the front of which seemed to be in one blaze of light from the top to the bottom, whilst many harps and scraping fiddles sounded every where, and would have quite ravished my senses if they had not been

been all swallowed up in one sensation, that of the most desperate hunger.

My fair conductress dressed in a round cap, with cherry coloured ribbon, and looking not the less lovely for having parted with her lover on good conditions, stopped on the outside of the door to deliberate, no doubt, on what excuse she should make for her absence; stay here my child, said the now trembling damsel, I will return for thee in a minute.

The voice we heard just as she uttered these few words was enough to make a stouter heart quake than what is supposed to inhabit the gentle bosom of beauty. For my inches I was, as may be observed, no coward, and yet the surly tone of this menacing inquisitor threw me into no very pleasant alarm.—It issued from the top of the stairs to the first floor, and it was her father who was calling upon Charlotte with very little of the father either in his accents

cents or his phrases; the first was like thunder, and in the second he gave her to the Devil with very little ceremony.

Though she had bid me stay at the door, my mind could not make itself up to stay behind, when the most charmingly delicious flavours streamed down to my very nose inviting me to ascend. I therefore step by step followed the blushing Charlotte, and my four footed governor knowing that on such occasions I never left him out of the party, stuck close at my heels. — The door was open, but not to be thought too great intruders, and to keep up some appearance of our natural good breeding, we took our station on the outside, until our young friend should have formally announced us to the company in general, and to her father in particular. For once in his life my guardian differed from his pupil in opinion, and with boldness for which nothing can apologize but his pretensions to high blood, being lineally descended
from

from Cæsar and Cleopatra, I say there can be no other excuse made for his wanting, in spite of my commands to the contrary, rudely to push forward; however I held him by his collar, whilst I represented to him the impropriety of such a proceeding out of his own dominions.

C H A P. XIX.

Our Introduction to High Life.

“**G**IRL! Girl! I have a good mind to
“kick you down stairs faster than
“you came up.”

“Dear Papa, do not speak so unkindly,
“I have only been to—to—to——”

“Yes, yes, your stammering shews where
“you came from, and whom you have
“seen

“seen; I’ll cut your legs off if I find you
“have been galloping after Charles, when
“my friend Watkins has waited to dance
“with you I don’t know how long.”

“I say Papa I have only been to take
“the air, upon my word I did not go a step
“beyond the meadow; you know Papa I
“would not displease you if I could help
“it, nor your friends either, but indeed,
“indeed, Papa——”

“Hold your tongue huffy, I’ll thresh
“that hankering of thine for running about
“the fields out of thy bounds, or make
“Watkins take thee off my hands to mor-
“row morning!”

“Tomorrow may, it is true, produce
“strange events, and if I should become a
“wife, the blessing of my honored but
“harsh father will compleat my felicity.”

“I don’t

“ I don’t understand your finedrawing,
“ you must say the same to Watkins, per-
“ haps he may make out your meaning.”

My friendship for the gentle Charlotte increased in proportion to her father’s brutality, and I could not help anticipating for her the joy of getting out of his clutches, the next day exchanging his domineering captivity for the arms of a beloved husband, who to the best of my judgement deserved her affections.

Deeply as I was interested for her fate, through terror or forgetfulness she seemed totally unconcerned about mine; her father had dragged her to the upper end of the room, where I saw her dancing away though with a very ill grace opposite to a partner who looked a little less than a gentleman, even a little less than man, but by no means inferior in capering and grimace to a well-taught monkey.

Neglected

Neglected merit must feel itself aggrieved when it is forced to stand shivering on the threshold of Expectation. This was exactly my unpleasant situation, whilst my fair patroness was steeling her own heart, and lighting up the heart of Mr. Watkins at both ends.

I looked wistfully around, and not two steps from my post I saw a side-board spread with all manner of meats, pastry, and wine——Twenty times was I on the point of desiring the most charitable countenance I could distinguish amongst the group that he would do the honors of the table to a famished stranger, but I was too proud to follow the counsel of my hungry stomach..

If a man can answer for his own conduct, it is as much as ought in reason to be expected: why should he be answerable for that of his comrade? sure nothing in the world can be more absurd, yet very soon
was

was I plunged into this unjust, but also unavoidable distress.—In the agony of contemplation I had slackened my hold on the collar of Trimbush, who being agitated by the same internal commotions with his friend, without his friend's delicate sensibility in points of honor, wriggled himself from my feeble grasp, broke into the first apartment, took up the table on his back, overturned it's whole contents, and came back to be crowned with the laurels of victory, bearing in his extended jaws a full-grown turkey, richly larded with bacon—but making a conquest is one thing, and keeping it when made is another.

A thunder bolt hurled from Vulcan's own forge, thrown down from the pinnacle of his shop by one of the strongest of his workmen upon the heads of this brilliant assembly could not have occasioned a more universal alarm; for my part I stood like another Nero, viewing the ruins that surrounded me, though I had not, like him,
been

been the instigator of them, neither like him did I try to drown the confusion of voices by scraping my own fiddle.

Upon the whole I must have made a pretty conspicuous figure, a turkey at my feet in the attitude of asking me to cut and eat, my very soul flying out to meet the invitation, without daring even to cast my eyes towards the adorable tempter, notwithstanding the great example set me by the heroic conqueror, who having carved for himself, devoured without ceremony, equally indifferent to my dilemma as to the squalls of the company.

The crash of bottles and the flow of wine which inundated the whole suite of apartments, owing to the imprudent conduct of the poor unconscious Trimbus, drew round me in one moment all the dancers like so many shooting stars, to know what was the matter, particularly the father of Charlotte, who in a key superior to that of his

his guests united, roared out, "Who the
"devil has done all this mischief?"

"See, see, sir," said a little girl, who
was standing by my side, "it was that great
"dog, I saw him carry away the table on
"his back."

"Villian," cried the old man, stamping
his feet, "villain, I say let go the turkey."

Trimbush shewed his teeth, and by way
of answer only condescended to issue a sort
of rumbling noise from his throat, seasoned
by a few flashes of eye-lightening—how-
ever it was enough to make the inhospita-
ble entertainer cease from insisting that
his uninvited visitor should restore what he
had taken, but he churlishly demanded to
whom the dog belonged.

"It belongs to me," said I, in a low
voice and trembling all over.—"Does he
"so," cried he, looking me stedfastly in
the

the face——“I do not know either you or
“your dog——who are you——where do
“you come from?”

Charlotte seeing me hang my head, as
not chusing to answer her father's questions,
now took up the conversation, recounting
how, when, and where, she had found me,
intreating him with the most persuasive
eloquence to let me have a bed and a sup-
per under his roof, at least for that one
night.

“Before I consent to any such thing,”
he replied, “I must know what he is called,
“and from whence he came ; I don't chuse
“to have my throat cut by young gentle-
“men in distress.”

C H A P. XX.

A Battle Royal.

HE dragged me much against my will into the room that he might examine my features nearer the light, but he had better have let that experiment alone. My faithful companion soon perceiving me to be in the same predicament as the recruit, who is made by his serjeant a gentleman soldier volunteer, through the medium of a drawn bayonet pointed at his throat, and roused by my resistance, forsook his delicious banquet to fasten on the skirts of my oppressor, with such a tremendous roar, as frightened all the spectators, who fled away like sheep having no shepherd.

Intrepidity,

Intrepidity, vivacity, and stubbornness, were the leading features of my mind, but the love of mischief or the want of humanity, had no share in its composition; so far from being pleased with the efforts of my champion to set me at liberty, however unfair it might seem to fight two against one, I united my strength to that of his adversary, and both together was little enough to prevent him from pulling the old man to the ground. God forgive me, but I almost wished afterwards that I had left the two brutes to settle the matter between themselves, for no sooner had I released the father of Charlotte, than turning upon me, supposing my defender not to be so well versed in language as motion, he cried out, " ~~Thou~~, thou
" broughtest that bully with thee to rob
" my house, and murder my family; I'll
" shoot thee through the brains if thou
" dost not follow me, and if thou but
" lookest towards thy wolfish comrade, so
" as to set him upon me again, I will lock
" thee

“thee up in my under-ground cellar,
“where thou shalt never see the light as
“long as thou livest.”

Had he threatened to lock me up in his pantry, I might have been refractory for the punishment sake, but having no predilection for any sort of liquor ever since the cupboard adventure, I silently followed the churl down stairs, and into the court, where he bad me stand still until he had given some orders concerning the entertainment he was still inclined to bestow on me:—I thought his heart had melted at the distress visible in my famished looks—I lifted up my own in thankfulness—I said to myself, if he but fills my belly, I do not care what he does to my back. Had I then possessed half only of that knowledge which I have since acquired by my intercourse with mankind, I should not have been so much astonished to have found my supposed, well-meaning friend, converted into a designing and malignant foe, or

so much mortified when instead of a repast, he surrounded me with four or five dogs, almost as big as the great Trimbush himself; but that wonderful general made my escape tolerably easy, by fighting them all round, biting one, and throwing down another, so that my retreat being thus covered, I got off with the loss only of one shoe—I had rather it had been my coat.

C H A P. XXI.

First Emotions.

BEING got outside the walls, I threw myself on the neck of my travelling governor, to thank him for my deliverance from the peril of the dogs, when surprising to relate, in lifting up his mouth to receive my caresses, I saw between his dear white teeth the lamented shoe, that had been so cruelly

cruelly divorced from the tender sole of my foot—and never was any re-union more agreeable.

The momentary sunshine of felicity procured by this unexpected event, was done away by the recollection of what must become of me—a turbulent storm succeeded, now agitated by fear I wept torrents of tears; now torn by rage, I stooped down and filled my pockets with stones, determined to break all the windows of the unfeeling monster, who had thus driven me from the comforts of hospitality.

The most violent emotions have the most speedy termination, my fury abated, and my tears dried up without the aid of consolation, yet far, far was the angel of tranquility from the bosom of poor Delves, every avenue to repose was blockaded by despair, armed in a coat of mail impenetrable as his own gloomy prospects.

Whither shall I go—what shall I do—how obtain a morsel of bread—where meet with a shed to cover my head?—must I sleep another night under the broad canopy of heaven?—will no kind christian take compassion on two wretched wanderers?—suppose I go back to the neat small house, and solicit shelter from the lover of Charlotte?—Unfortunate Delves, thou must not shew thy empty vessel so near the dwelling of that confounded old codger her father, who would rather forgive the young people for killing, than feeding thee, for cutting thy carcase into pieces, than for throwing thee a blanket wherewith to cover it. With these words in my thoughts, though not in my mouth, I turned away from the unfriendly climate, and walked faintly along the side of a new road, which like Virtue, was at first straight and narrow, and to keep up the similitude, at every step I advanced it widened, and to the sober eye of reason, would no doubt have presented a thousand beautiful images; but what had a boy to do

do with reason, or what a wearied hungry traveller with objects of beauty? Plunged in the blackest despair, every thing I saw through the gloom of approaching night was converted into sights of terror, the very bushes put on the form of men, and these men gradually shot up into giants.

Just as the patient owl who sat watching the last glimmering of light flew over my head whooting and shouting that the dominions of darkness were now her own without competitorship, at the moment when my apprehensions had risen to the most frightful magnitude, the sight of a fellow creature inspired me with a fresh stock of courage.—I could partly see, and partly distinguish by his voice, that the short salutation of *Good night young one*, as he would have passed by me proceeded from one of my own sex.—Stop, cried I, taking heart at the good-nature of his expression, stop, for the love of heaven, and if you can feel for any body in the world besides yourself,

take me by the hand, for I am very faint, and lead me to your residence.

“Hold by me and welcome,” replied the peasant, “if you are going my way—but as
“to any thing else, I am but a poor labour-
“er myself, d’ye see child, and am forced to
“sleep in a stable, the worse my luck.”

Father, I shall most willingly sleep with you in the stable, cried I, holding him fast by the arm, that he might not walk away and leave me behind him.

“It is impossible,” returned he, kindly enough, “already I have a cow, twelve
“young pigs and their mother, for my bed-
“fellows, and besides yourself I see you have
“got a dog with you, as big as any of them.”

Oh father, take us with you I beseech you, we will occupy the smallest corner you can spare, we shall only take up the
room

room of one, we will neither of us stretch ourselves out at full length.

"Poor boy, I am sorry," said he, "to deny thee so small a boon, but I tell you only the truth, and if you could put yourselves into a wheel-barrow, there would be no place in the stable to hold you."

I groaned from the bottom of my heart.

"Nay, but don't take on so," continued he, "God who feeds the ravens and provides a house for the sparrow, will not let a good boy fall to the ground."

Alas! I fear father, I am not a good boy, and therefore it is that no body will shew compassion to me and Trimbush; not that I have ever done evil to man, woman, or child to the best of my knowledge.

“ So much the better child, and as long
“ as thou canst say as much, though thou
“ wast to lay down on a fuz-bush, thy sleep
“ will be as sound as though thou hadst
“ stretched thy limbs on a feather-bed.”

The bare idea of so great a luxury without any chance of partaking it, instead of inspiring hope, overwhelmed me with despair, and I walked fullenly along without any more opening my lips, until coming to a part where the road divided, my conductor stopped.

C H A P.

C H A P. XXII.

The Vixen.

"**H**ALT here," said the peasant, "for
"here my boy we must part."

Oh! father, father!

"There is no help for it my child, this
"is my way to the stable, pointing to the
"right, and if you go two hundred yards
"upon that road which lies on the left, you
"will find a good inn, kept by a good
"man, who no doubt will relieve thee;
"money I have none, or I would give it
"thee freely; put your trust in God and
"he will send you comfort. Good night

G 5

"poor

“poor boy, to his holy protection I commend thee.” My heart was too full to speak, but I squeezed his hand and would have held it fast if he had not used some gentle violence to withdraw it from my grasp, when with another adieu, and another blessing, he vanished out of my sight.

After he was gone I determined to seek out the inn, and the good man to whom he had directed me; the way to it I found even shorter than I expected. He who has but little, should lose nothing of that little, and the hopes I entertained that here I should set up my rest for the night, were none of them scattered, in measuring my hasty steps through the deep sandy path which brought me to the sign of the Goat. Here walked the landlord backwards and forwards before his door, in a pensive attitude, I approached and made my bows.

“The

"The moon is getting up finely," said he; "but methinks you are a young traveller, to be alone, and on foot, at this time of night."

Sir, answered I, with all the meekness in the world, if you are a father, if you have a son who may experience amongst strangers hunger, thirst, and weariness, as I do, for his sake give me and my dog a morsel of meat, and a bed to lie down upon! Scalding tears accompanied this petition, made with up-lifted hands clasped in each other.

"Why do you weep and lament my child," said he, in a voice of kindness, at the same time brushing a tear of sympathy from his own eyes, "tell me who you are, from whence you came, and what has befallen you."

I tried to speak again, but alas, my whole little stock of words were exhausted. "Come along with me," said he, taking my hand, "I will make you over to my wife, for by your inches I should suppose you have more occasion for a nurse, than a landlord."

This humane proposal brought back to my memory those tender offices, which the dear Winifred delighted to perform, and now thought I, I am going to throw myself into the arms of another Winifred.

My patron stopped at the door of an inner room, "what shall we do with this dog?" said he, "my wife has an aversion to dogs, and does not like to have her parlour dirtied; by the bye too, you must take off your shoes, for my wife is very particular, it is no more than I do myself, so my dear child follow the example of thy very good friend."

He

He changed his walking shoes for a pair of yellow slippers, whilst I readily stood on my bare feet, not the better pleased with the prospect before me, from hearing she hated dogs and loved cleanliness. I mean that troublesome sort of nicety which is in every body's way, and pleases nobody. To that part of the landlord's question which had a reference to Trimbush, I observed a political silence, hoping, which happened to be the case, that whilst he was preparing to enter the lady's presence, he would forget I had brought with me any attendant that might cause an agitation of spirits, the nerves of a female being like the strings of a fiddle, always sure to crack, when wound up beyond their bearing.

Before the landlord opened the sacred door, I had given up all expectation of beholding a second Winifred; for when a ~~general~~ himself is seen to tremble at the commencement of a campaign, it is a bold

bold soldier who does not catch the dastardly infection.

“So Mr. Penant, where have you been
“rambling?” said a masculine voice, issuing
from the throat of a woman of monstrous
circumference, who sat darning a stocking
by a small blinking candle; “so sir,
“you leave all your books unfetled, and
“all the business of the house on my poor
“shoulders, whilst you are walking about
“like a gentleman.” She had not yet once
condescended to lift up her eyes from the
work by which she appeared to be occupied,
but meaning to discover if he had
ventured into her sanded parlour without
putting on his slippers, in the glance she
directed to his feet she discovered the urchin
that stood quaking by his side. “Mercy
“on us Mr. Penant,” she exclaimed,
“what have you got there, and where did
“you pick it up? ~~_____~~
“pray provide for it, and do not think to
“insult

“insult

"[REDACTED] my nose."

“ Mrs. Penant, I desire you to hear me,” said the goodnatured man——“ Ah,” interrupted she, screaming out as if she had been murdered, on observing Trimbusht stretched at his full length, just within the door, unable to proceed one step further, “ Ah cruel man, you know I had as soon have a ghost, as a dog in my parlour, and yet you let one in upon me, big enough to eat up the great round of beef we had to day for dinner at one mouthful——turn them both out——I tell you Mr. Penant, turn them both out directly.”

For heaven's sake Madam, before you turn us away give us one slice of your round, then banish us, whip us, do any thing to us; one large slice for the love of God.

"Come

~~“Come with me my boy, and for thy~~
~~“fake I will for once in my life, see who~~
~~“shall be master in his own house.”~~

I was ready to expire with joy as I followed my courageous protector, and heard her say as he shut the door after us, “I shall soon spoil your sport I warrant ye.” At this moment I should have been equally indifferent to the smiles or frowns of the whole world, the whole world to me lay in the circumference of a round of beef.

With what a beneficent look did my good host put the knife and fork into my hands, bidding me cut and come again. Cut I did, with a vengeance, swallowing by ounces myself, and throwing it by pounds to my fellow traveller; but as to coming again, that was another affair, for with all the dispatch it was possible we should make, neither of us were half satisfied, when our felicity received an effectual damper, by the coming in of our shrew hostess, clothed in
terrors,

terrors, and armed with a huge stick——so tremendous was her voice when she commanded me to leave off helping myself or that villainous dog to any more of her beef, that the knife and fork both fell out of my shaking hands; in my fright I ran to her husband for protection, she followed me in a threatening attitude, when my governor taking advantage of her back being turned, rearing upon his hind feet, fastened his broad jaws on the buttock of contention, and having pulled it to the ground, fiercely covered it with his two fore paws, his eyes glaring like great balls of fire, and his nose snuffling all over his prize to find out the best bits.

The fall of this stupendous monument, together with the dislocation of the immense earthen platter that served as its foundation, drew a scream, then a sigh, then a groan, from the timid Mrs. Penant, who with the tender acclamation of—thou eternal villain!—pushed herself into the arms of her husband,

band, and with a face as red as a house on fire, delicately fainted on his bosom.

“Run my Child,” said the good man, as little discomposed as it was possible to imagine he should be under such circumstances; “run and fetch hither a can of water from the kitchen cistern, but don’t frighten yourself, for my poor wife is subject to these sort of hystericks.”

“No, Mr. Penant, no,” cried the dead alive, without letting him loose from her hold, “before any thing is done for my recovery, let that rascal call off his devil dog from my beef, and turn them both out of the house.”

“I shall do no such thing, Kate,” said he, “till I have enquired a little more about this boy; however, if you are frightened at the beast I shall desire he will shut him up in the kitchen, whilst we talk over the business.”

In obedience to this kind-hearted command, I parted the two dearest friends in the world, betrayed one of them into the kitchen, and with the help of the landlord, replaced the other in its former situation, by which regulations the lady was restored to her courage.

“ Mrs. Penant, I scorn your insinuations,
“ because I do not deserve them ; but as to
“ this lad, would you have the poor infant
“ lie down under a hedge, or stand shivering
“ at your door all night? Oh ! Kate, Kate,
“ think more like a Christian.”

C H A P. XXIII.

In which Delves commences his own Historian.

I WAS cunning enough to measure the ground on which I stood, and had wit enough to see that I must entirely depend upon my own pathetic powers, for a night's lodging, determined to exert them as much as I could, and to torture truth as little as possible, the husband and wife being both seated, I would have taken my station on an empty barrel, but the lady ordered me to stand before them, as she always liked to see the action, as well as hear the discourse.

Awed

Awed into submission, I placed myself in a proper attitude for moving her approbation, if not her compassion, my hands raised, my eyes falling, and began thus:

“ I am a poor forlorn boy, wandering
“ about upon the face of the earth, without
“ parent or friend, except my faithful dog,
“ Trimbush.”

“ That is a fine stroke——let in the dog
“ Mr. Penant.”——My heart leapt for joy,
and I proceeded.

“ I have some reason to suppose that the
“ old couple by whom I was nurtured,
“ stole me from my family before I can re-
“ member.”

“ Very capital indeed——this will do.”

“ Pray wife don't interrupt the child so
“ often.”

“ Pray

“ Pray illiterate Sir, let me alone——you
“ have not made a calculation as I have
“ done, of what three benefits will bring
“ me in, since the enlargement of Drury-
“ Lane and Covent-Garden, besides a pretty
“ picking for copy-right ; and I am so
“ well with both houses, that they would
“ not dare to reject any thing of my writ-
“ ing ; but go on child, and so you said you
“ was stole by the Gipseys.”

“ No, Madam, not by the Gipseys, but
“ by a very worthy gentleman, who uses
“ his pen so well, that I believe he might
“ have been a writing-master.”

“ Oh ! horrid, there will be no possibility
“ of introducing such a low-lived character
“ on the stage, we must be a little indeco-
“ rous, and set it down that you was stolen
“ out of your cradle by the Gipseys, wrap-
“ ed in a blue fatten mantle embroidered
“ with spangles.”

“ I never saw the mantle in my life,
“ Madam.”

“ But you may see it when you grow up
“ a man, and go to the Theatres, where
“ your wonderful story will be represented
“ with all the embellishments I can give
“ it.”

“ Well, my lad and what then,” cried
mine host, as if he had rather hear any other
body speak than his wife, “ why did you
“ leave the protection of this honest man,
“ whether school-master, or Gipsy, does
“ not signify?”

“ Indeed, but it does Mr. Penant; but
“ I excuse your ignorance, how should you
“ know any of those nice distinctions in
“ precedence; however, child, you may sa-
“ tisfy his vulgar curiosity, as I am also
“ impatient to sit down and draw out the
“ skeleton of my Tragedy.”

To make short of the matter, my eyes having already gone a day's march into my head, I told them I run away from the Gipsey writing-master, for fear of his resentment at a trick I played upon his old servant. — She bid me describe the trick, declaring nothing afforded so well together as Tragedy and Comedy, for which reason if it was a clever one, she should certainly make room for it.

I repeated my cupboard adventure, she said it had point, and would do very well, but all this time neither of them repeated their question as to my name, or the part of the country where I had lived, a negligence for which I was truly thankful; had I been forced to tell them, how did I know but this good landlord might have sent me back, and now that I had eaten and hoped to stretch out my limbs on a feather bed, nothing could have been more repugnant to my inclinations, though these same inclinations before my Tragedy was

fairly at an end again varied, and took a course diametrically opposite, even turning themselves homewards.

This new misfortune sprang from the exactness with which I recounted the barbarous reception I had met with at a few miles distance, from an old tyrant whose name I never heard, but who had a daughter, called Charlotte.

"I'll be burnt alive," cried the Tragic Muse, returning to the character of a fury in which I had seen her at my first arrival exhibit with extraordinary success, "I'll be burnt alive, if the impertinent blockhead does not mean our landlord, Mr. Ap-jones."

"Why I don't know well what to think of it wife; however, the boy is not much to blame, for it seems he was treated scurvily."

"Don't

"Don't talk to me of scurvily treatment, look at home Mr. Penant, you know we are only tenants at will, and if Mr. Apjones should hear we harboured the little vagabond he turned out of his house, what is to become of us, I should be glad to be told, or the family I expect to produce, who at the winding up of the piece will naturally expect poetical justice from the parents who brought them upon the Stage?"

"As to that, lookey Kate, we have been man and wife ten years."

"I wonder you had not said, cat and dog, Mr. Penant."

"Have it your own way; but as it has not yet pleased Providence to bless us with any children, they have no business, when they do come, to find fault with our management of our worldly affairs, and the most we can lose by shewing a little

“charity to the fatherless and stranger, will
“be only to exchange one public house
“for another; wherever we go the sign of
“the Goat with John Penant’s name written
“under, will never want for customers.”

“Fine talking truly, I’d give up fifty
“such beggar’s brats to the piercing winds
“of Heaven, rather than be turned out
“of a house which I dote upon to distraction.”

“Wife, wife, I have heard you say a
“thousand times, you had rather live in a
“dog-kennel.”

“You heard me say indeed!—When is
“it, I pray, that I have spoke to you with
“so much sociability!—When have we
“ever enjoyed together the feast of reason
“and the flow of soul!”

“Never, that I can remember my dear.
“But however, you will not insist on the
“child’s

“child’s going away, at least till he has
“given you sufficient materials for your
“Tragedy.”

“Yes, he shall go this very night, this
“very moment, and to morrow I shall
“write a pathetic epistle to Mr. Apjones,
“to tell him who has been in fault.”

“But the Tragedy, what is to become of
“the great profits of three benefits?”

“I sacrifice them all to my conscience,
“and the good of my family; besides there
“are other plots when I can compose my-
“self and take up my pen, without being
“forced to bring in a writing-master.”

The good natured man took me by the
hand, “come with me my child,” said he,
“and I will see if there is no bed to be had
“for thee this night, to morrow you may
“rise early and begone.”

“Hear me, Penant,” cried the enraged Actress, kneeling down with great ceremony, hear my last resolves, hear me first, “swear by Jove’s imperial thunder that if “you bed the beggar in this house, or let “his foot within the threshold stand, to “morrow I am off, adieu for ever!”

The poor honest soul quite overpowered by the eloquence of her rant, snatched up a lanthorn and led me nothing loth into a court-yard whither I was also followed by Trimbush. Here the landlord spoke to me after this manner.

C H A P. XXIV.

Complaint of mine Host.

“MY son, you see I have ventured as
“far to serve you as a prudent
“man ought to venture, by going one step
“further, I should pull down an old house
“about my own ears. — I am troubled in
“mind that I can do no better for you
“than to give you a warm birth in my
“granery, thou shouldst have it in my best
“bed if I was a bachelor; I love peace and
“quietness, as well as somebody else loves
“wrangling, and uproar, so as we are both
“now one flesh, we can’t pull two ways,
“when she is gone to bed, and if she sleeps
“as sound as she commonly does, after
“taking her night cap cordial, I shall bring

H 5

“you

“you some more of the beef, a cup of ale
“and a pillow to rest thy head on; in the
“mean time cover thyself up with straw,
“head and ears, say thy prayers, be a good
“boy, and set off from hence as soon as
“thy eyes are open.”

My sobs were so mingled with the thanks I tried to articulate, that I saw my generous protector depart with tears running down his cheeks; as soon as he was gone, not being able to view the size of my apartment, for he carried his lanthorn back, I sat down on a well lined floor, the thickest part of which I could easily distinguish by spuddling about the straw with my feet, and after waiting a considerable time, longing and watching for my friend's return, tired nature, no more able to perform the duties of a centinal, dropped off her guard, and left me in the cradle of repose.

It has been said that the soul of man though of immortal essence, takes its last impressions before the body sinks into rest from the scenes, however trifling, that has just passed under its observation; and I believe the remark to be a true one, for when my eyes and senses closed, exactly in the same moment, I saw Alexander the Great, the fatten mantle, the kneeling heroine, and the kind-hearted landlord, nay I was in the very act of spinning out the thread of my adventures with which Mrs. Penant was to have wove her tragedy, when I felt myself jogged by the arm; it was my good friend bringing in his hands all that he had promised me, together with the lanthorn, by the light of which I distinguished the most thief-looking fellow I ever saw in my life, who walked mournfully by the side of my benefactor. I felt what I cannot describe, as between sleeping and waking I rested on my elbow, to take a view of this stranger. I had never seen a man so tall, I had never seen such

big bones, with so little flesh to cover them, I had never seen any thing so red as his beard, and so black as his complexion ; in short I was ready to die with fright, when mine host told me he had brought a companion to pass the night with me. " I believe," said he, " you are both honest, at least I have no reason to think the contrary, you are both poor, and both com-fortless, I'll stay with you half an hour that you may see to eat the victuals I have brought you, so get acquainted as soon as you can, and to morrow I would advise you to set out together as you are both on your travels, serving one another to the best of your abilities ; I give you six-pence a piece, it is all the money I have, for my wife keeps the purse, and do you hear me," speaking to the man he introduced, " I love this boy, and for my sake take care of him."

A thousand poniards entered into my heart, but I said nothing, my new comrade
on

on the contrary spoke with so good a grace that my fears began to abate, and setting down to our beef to which was added some cold carrots, and a brown stone jug of nice ale, I every moment became more and more reconciled to my companion.

Trimbush, who had not moved once since he first laid himself down, no sooner heard our mouths on the go, than he made one of the company without testifying any dissatisfaction at the stranger's intrusion, though he eyed him pretty curiously, which gave me rather pleasure than pain, being assured of his invincible protection if the new comer should set upon me in the dead of the night to take away my sixpence. It is the poor only are dauntless, the rich are full of timidity; before I was possessed of my sixpence, I thought of nothing but being carried somewhere or other against my will, of being beat, or of being murdered, but now I had no other fear than

than that I might be robbed of my sixpence.

My heart tightened when the landlord taking up his lantern, said he must be gone, and bidding God to bless us, walked out of the granery shutting the door after him. I laid my face upon the back of Trim-bush, and wept plentifully, nor were my agitations abated by my other companion telling me I had nothing to fear. I know that well enough, said I, for if any rogues should break in upon us I have a dog who would tear a thousand of them in pieces.—“I have taken a fancy to you,” said red beard, “come sit up, and let us talk a little before we go to sleep.”

I had made up my mind not to close my eyes to avoid surprises, and we entered into conversation.

C H A P. XXV.

Memoirs of a Soldier.

“ **W**HATEVER you might think of
“ me youngster,” said he, laying
his hand on my shoulder, “ and by your
“ shaking I believe it is no great matter of
“ good, yet to pass away the time d’ye see, I
“ am willing to tell you my history, by
“ which you will discover that I am a man
“ of honour by inclination, and a gentle-
“ man by profession.”

I am extremely glad to hear it, cried I,
hardly knowing what I said, but how came
you so poor?

“ That,” returned he, “ is what I am
“ going to tell you; my father and mother
“ d’ye

“ d’ye see, had a dozen children besides my-
“ self, whom nature endowed with all the
“ spirit that should have been portioned
“ amongst my brothers and sisters; born
“ of a fighting family and warlike dispo-
“ tion, I took to the gentlemanly profes-
“ sion of arms, and wonderful were my
“ exertions in defence of my King and
“ Country; yet d’ye see my great merit
“ went unrewarded: from battle to battle,
“ from campaign to campaign, sergeants
“ and corporals were made over my head,
“ who had not done half so much; my
“ honour was hurt—I felt myself neglect-
“ ed, and grew disgusted with the service.
“ Being sent d’ye see with a recruiting party
“ to a country town in England, I happen-
“ ed to meet with one of the fair sex, so
“ every way inviting, that blinded by Cu-
“ pid one day when Nan and I walked
“ out together as lovingly as two pounds
“ of candles, I happened to lose my way,
“ so instead of going back to my party,
“ some how or other I found myself on
“ the

“ the borders of Wales, and when I recol-
“ lected d’ye see, that I was got into the
“ wrong road, it was too late to return,
“ because I knew my officer would have
“ put the very worst construction on my
“ inadvertency, and brought me to a Court
“ Martial, so what did I do, but with my
“ lovely Nan holding in my arm, enter
“ this delicious country, where having
“ made her my wife, for three years d’ye see,
“ I have lived like other great men, who
“ retire from the sound of their own
“ praises; poor Nan died three weeks ago,
“ but not from a surfeit—in trying to pro-
“ long her life, I starved myself, and am
“ now going where I am not known to seek
“ for employment. I boldly knocked at
“ this door of reception, hoping to get my
“ ration gratis, but a hard hearted woman
“ turned me back, and shut it in my face.
“ I am sure my Nan would not have done
“ so by the poorest man living, much less
“ a gentleman Soldier, I even told her d’ye
“ see that though a little reduced, I was
“ entitled

“ entitled to the honourable profession of
“ arms, and had many a time fought in
“ her defence; all this I bellowed through
“ the key-hole, but receiving no answer
“ from within, I lay down under a hay-
“ stack, where I could get no repose for
“ thinking how much more comfortable it
“ must be inside, than outside of the house.—
“ I had not been long in my unpleasant situ-
“ ation, when I heard the door unlock, I
“ started on my feet, and saw a man come
“ out with a lanthorn in his hand and a
“ basket, the contents of which you know
“ as well as I do. Our good landlord
“ seemed looking about him, as if to find
“ something he had lost, but I should ne-
“ ver have suspected it to be my unworthy
“ self d’ye see, if I had not heard him say,
“ in a very low voice, Stranger, stranger,
“ are you any where here about? I am
“ here, worthy sir, cried I, running to-
“ wards him. Very well, said he, follow
“ me, I heard what you said to my wife, I
“ honour a man of courage and a soldier,
“ I have

“ I have already provided for a poor boy,
“ so you may turn in with him, and pass
“ the night together. You know my lad
“ what has followed ; I like both you and
“ your dog, and am ready to make a third
“ in the association.”

I accepted the proposition, and we both
fell asleep together.

C H A P. XXVI.

Delves recommences his Tour.

A T break of day we departed from our
hotel, without calling for chocolate
or milk punch, yet not entirely unprovided
with materials, for the epitome of a repast
I had been provident enough at our last
meal to pocket a piece of bread, which with
exact justice I divided into three equal
parts,

parts, if there was the smallest difference, my partiality for Trimbush must be accountable for it.

My new companion, whose humour being remarkably pleasant, well knew how to make himself agreeable to a boy of thirteen, varied all his powers for my amusement, now running, now leaping, now throwing stones, and sometimes singing ballads, so that for the heart of me I could not help loving him even against my better judgement, for on sitting down upon the grass to devour, rather than eat our morsel of bread, I happened to put my hand in my waistcoat, in order to regale myself with the sight of my sixpence; I searched for it in vain, when blubbering with vexation I accused the gentleman Soldier of having taken it from me, at the time I was sleeping.

“A very likely story indeed,” replied he, without discovering any resentment at my

my home charge, " what good d'ye see
" should I have done by an action every
" way unworthy the character of a gentle-
" man?—what should I have got by de-
" meaning myself in so paltry a manner?
" are not our fortunes from henceforth
" united? to pick your pocket would be as
" foolish as to pull the teeth out of my
" own head.—It is probable d'ye see, I
" shall never marry again, and if I have no
" children, there is not another youth in
" the world d'ye see that it is so likely I
" should adopt for my heir as yourself."

I thought I should have expired with laughing, whilst comparing the poor devil with his rich promises, but my mirth did not disconcert him any more than my accusation; he assured me with great gravity that I might set more account on his future kindness than I seemed to do.

But what, cried I, can have become of my sixpence?

" Truly

“ Truly,” replied he, “ that is easily enough guessed at—did not you lie tumbling about in the straw all night, and had you any padlock on your pocket?”

No, to be sure, if I had I should not have lost my fixpence, yet I don’t think I lost it that way, for I slept sound, and when I awakened I had not so much as changed my posture.

“ Good—that shews how little a man, woman, or child knows what they do in their sleep, why I heard you myself all night, turning, tumbling, and floundering about like a great fish in a tub of water; but cheer up my boy, for as long as I have my fixpence to the good, you shall share the half of it.”

He put his hand into his pocket; when, with the best acted astonishment, mingled with terror, that I have ever seen represented on the stage of the world, or any other stage,

stage, he declared himself a bankrupt by the same fatality which had occasioned me to stop payment; he even turned out the linings one by one, to convince me of his misfortune, the reality of which I then disputed, and shall continue to dispute as long as I live.

I was not at an age to lay grief very closely at heart as some do, who liking to make hoards of every thing, will cherish a misfortune no bigger than a flea bite, till they have nursed it up to the size of a full moon; or had such been my disposition, it was evidently certain that I should not be permitted to indulge my sadness as long as I travelled with the jocund deserter from his Majesty's service, whose witty songs and droll stories, though sometimes without beginning or end, were in themselves endless and knew how to follow one another, as well as ladies know their own right of precedence. With these happy endowments, where is the reader who will wonder at the
blind

blind predilection I formed for this redoubtable warrior? There is certainly something in kindness however nearly connected with roguery, of so fascinating a quality, that even open-eyed prudence seldom escapes without paying the fine of simplicity; how much greater the embargo, which a good humoured knave can impose on fools, and children.

One great inconveniency attended my entering into Partnership, which like other momentous events in life for want of foresight, I did not discover till it was too late to mend my condition;—namely, I was no longer my own master, but must get up—lay down—run—or stand still, at the command of another—and that other carried about him such a weight of bones as very much inclined him to indolence, for which reason upon a fair calculation at the end of one hour's walking we sat still three.

Notwithstanding

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Notwithstanding the many hinderances he threw in the way of my eager desire to run as far, and as fast as I could from Papa Owen, and in spite of the trick I well knew he had played me about the sixpence; yet so compleatly were both the travelling governor and his pupil gulled, by the flattering caresses of our new companion, that for my part, I opened to him my whole story without reserve from the beginning to the end; and as for governor Trimbusk, before the day was half spent, he might be compared to some modern children, who it is averred do not know their own fathers, at least if he did know one master, he seemed to acknowledge almost as much affection for two.

C H A P. XXVII.

Critical Observations.

I COULD not but observe, that whilst I prattled like a gossip, about Papa Owen, Winifred, the Colonel, his Lady, Numps, and the two dear girls, that my companion seemed to be very little interested concerning them or me, for he laid himself at full length on the grass, whistling, or diverting himself with my dog the whole time I was speaking; but when I said that I should never have run away from Papa, if it had not been for the shame of appearing as a wicked boy before his friend Mr. Darcy, all at once his indifference forsook him, and suddenly starting up, eagerly asked who was Mr. Darcy?

Indeed,

Indeed, I don't know, but he was Papa's friend, and loved me—that is all I can tell you.

“Did you ever hear your Papa call him
“Colonel Darcy?”

No.

“Nor did you never hear that he was the
“son of a lord?”

Never.

“Do you remember his person?”

Yes, very well.

“Is he tall or short?”

Taller than Papa, but not so tall as
you.

“Has he a scar over his left eye?”

Oh yes, but he is very handsome, for all that.

“ God blefs him, I know his honour, as
“ well as one of my hands knows the other;
“ twelve years ago when he was only a
“ captain, I was his servant d’ye see, and
“ a better gentleman never drew breath.”

The praises he bestowed on the man whom I most loved and feared in all the world, were pronounced with an artless energy, that spoke the sincerity of his eulogium; at one moment my heart gladdened, the next I wrung my hands, weeping bitterly, that I should never again be pressed in the arms of that good friend. Tell me, said I to the soldier, tell me all you can think of, about my own Mr. Darcy, I shall never, never see him more, but I may listen to you whilst you talk to me of him, that will not make him angry, though I suppose if I was to go back to Papa’s where I should be sure to find him, he
would

would push me from him, as unworthy to stand in his presence.

"Try the experiment child," replied the soldier, "I am willing d'ye see, to bear thee company, and if he once loved thee, take my word for it he will always love thee."

Oh! no, I have forfeited his affection, I have run away from Papa, and he never will forgive me, I would not go back again for ten thousand worlds.

"But with such a friend, it is nevertheless a pity you should be forced to beg your bread."

It will not be long, answered I, sobbing, when I have waited to grow as tall as you are, I will go for a Soldier.

"You had better let me convey you back to your friends."

I 3

No,

No, I would first be dragged to death between four wild horses.

“ I tell you the noble Colonel, is one of
“ ten thousand, he never bears malice a-
“ gainst his fellow creatures : why d’ye see,
“ my lad, after I married Nan, though I
“ had marched off without beat of drum
“ from the Regiment,—it was about two
“ years ago, his honour was passing by
“ chance through our village, and met me
“ full. But Nan was always a puney body, I
“ had been to fetch the doctor, and was
“ running along with him, side by side,
“ when the worthy Colonel stopping his
“ horse, and eying me all over, asked
“ where I was going in so much haste ? I
“ was sure he knew me, as well as I did him,
“ so I fell down on my knees, which were
“ knocking together, for fear he should
“ send me to the Regiment in irons ; so said
“ I, your honour spare me in your mercy,
“ for I am poor, and my wife is a dying,
“ if you do not believe me, sinner as I
“ am,

“ am, here is the doctor.—I don’t know
“ what the doctor thought, nor did I much
“ care, for I could have given my life for a
“ farthing; but the noble Colonel casting
“ on me an eye of compassion, said, as kind
“ as could be, keep your name to yourself,
“ I do not ask it, I have no desire to hear
“ it, it is enough for the purposes of hu-
“ manity to find thee poor and afflicted;
“ saying which, he threw his purse, in
“ which was five Guineas, into my hat,
“ and rode off like an angel.”

There cannot be a soul so depraved, but what some spark of the Divine essence will occasionally fly out to speak its origin. This feature of gratitude and feeling in the deserter’s character, for his words were accompanied by tears, deserve to be called one of those bright emanations. I did not make the reflection when a child, I make it now that I am a man.

The foldier's little pathetic anecdote of his wife, the Colonel, and the purse, being finished, he jumped up from the grafs, and dashing off a liquid gem, which rested on his prominent cheek-bone, proposed that we should proceed on our journey.

All of a sudden his humour intirely changed, he walked at a great pace, and instead of diverting me with his pleafantry, went along plodding with his nose upon the ground.

Why, what's the matter now, faid I, where are your fine songs, your pretty tales, have you nothing more to fing, or to tell me?

"No, my child, no, let me alone, I am
"very bufy d'ye fee in thinking for the
"Colonel's fake, how I can provide for
"thee."

I burft

I burst into a fit of laughter, telling him I could not return the obligation, being sure I should never be able to provide for him, nor did I expect he would be much more successful. I wish, added I, our sixpences would come back to us, and then we should have enough to satisfy the hunger, which begins to torment me. I say, cannot you conjure the sixpences into your pocket?

“Alas! have you not seen me turn my pockets all out one by one, yet still you will suppose that it is me who have robbed you.” He said this in a tone so full of sorrow, that I was forced to acknowledge myself in jest, though to speak truth, I was more than half in earnest.

C H A P. XXVIII.

How to turn a hard Heart.

CONTRARY to his usual custom, he walked so fast, and took such enormous strides, that, unable any longer to keep up with him, I began to sob and to cry, declaring I could go no further.

“Take courage,” said he, “I see a
“nice pictured house just before us. Look
“straight down to the bottom of that
“lane.”

I did not understand what he meant by a *pictured house*, and was too much fatigued to ask for an explanation. He saw I could scarce stand, and taking me up in his arms,
my

my size being so small that I might have passed for eight years old, rather than thirteen, he conveyed me to the door of an ale-house, dignified by the sign of a noted Welch senator's head; this circumstance was afterwards of use to the gentleman it represented; for when I became a man of the world, somebody presumed to dispute whether that senator had any head at all, and I established the fact by bringing forward my evidence.

My temporary carrier set me down on my feet upon a step at the entrance, calling out, House! house! house! in a tone of so much authority, as presently brought the landlady, a very pleasant looking body, to know what we would please to want.

"I want credit," replied the soldier.

"Then I fear," retorted the woman, "you will not find it here, for my master

7

" is at home, I believe, and gives no trust
" to any body."

" Prithee, Mistress, don't stand palaver-
" ing, but fetch us a glass of brandy ; run,
" jump, don't you see that this here young
" gentleman will fall down in the staggers,
" if we do not prop him up with a drop of
" the good creature?"

" He looks piteous bad, indeed," cried
the dame ; " I will ask my husband, and
" if he has no objection, the child shall
" have to eat as well as to drink." She
ran into the house, and came back in a mo-
ment with a bottle and glass.

" Seeing you want credit," said she, " I
" dare not invite you to come in, but mas-
" ter being walked forth, I have ventured
" to bring you a drop of brandy."

She filled a glass to the brim, and kind-
ly held it to my lips, but I refused to swal-
low

low a drop, never whilst I live will I drink any more strong liquors, said I, pushing the glass from me; to having once tasted them, I owe all my misfortunes.

“I will go and fetch thee some ale
“then,” cried the good woman, but before she could do as she had said, though not before my companion had tossed down all that was contained in the rejected glass, she changed colour and fell into violent fits of trembling, the cause of which was too soon explained, by the appearance of a man coming up the lane, who accosted her with, “so my prudent help-mate; why
“sure you was not satisfied with your yesterday’s threshing, that you return so
“soon again to your old pranks? can I
“never turn out, but when I come home,
“I find my door blocked up by vagabonds, who can have nothing to pay
“for their entertainment?”

“Zounds,”

“Zounds,” cried the foldier, with an air of effrontery at which I very much marvelled; “you need not storm like a kettle drum, for we have wherewith to square our quarters, so let us have no more of your jaw d’ye see, but set before us the best your shabby house can afford.”

“I don’t believe a word,” cried the incredulous host, “thou boasting, beggarly, son of a trumpeter, shew me thy cash, and I may perhaps give thee credit as far as it will go, but no farther; no, not for a bone after my dog has done sucking it.”

“Landlord, you shall be satisfied, but let the young gentleman and myself enter your kitchen.”

“Well, be it so, if you can but shew me the cash.”

“I say

“ I say I will shew you that which shall
“ satisfy your scruples.”

Where will this end, thought I, as we stepped over the threshold; oh! that he may produce the two sixpences, or we shall be turned out, and I can go no further.

“ What can we have for dinner?” asked the strutting soldier.

“ Whatever you have money to pay for,” answered the churlish landlord.

“ Then let it be a good fat hen, and if
“ she be with egg, so much the better,
“ though we must have no extraordinary
“ charge on that account, a bit of pickle
“ pork, with no small quantity of your
“ best ale, just enough to serve us all d’ye
“ see; for to shew you that I bear no ma-
“ lice, I invite you and your wife to par-
“ take of our dinner, in the mean time as
“ the

“the child is hungry, as well as his dog, if
“you have any cold meat in your house
“set it before them.”

“Was ever such impudence heard tell
“of?” cried the exasperated host, “to in-
“vite a man to eat at his own cost, why if
“thou wast to sell thy soul, body, and
“cloaths altogether, they would not fetch
“enough to pay for the dinner you pitch
“upon; I see one of us must treat, and as I
“am in no humour to play the fool, either
“shew the ready or beat your march.”

“I shall soon do that at any rate, as I
“must before night provide quarters in
“this neighbourhood, for fifteen hundred
“men, and to repay your civility shall take
“care that you have your share of them.”

The landlord changed countenance, and
did not look quite so terrible.—“I sup-
“pose,” continued the deserter, “you
“know my Colonel, the Honourable Co-
“lonel

“lonel Darcy, son of a magnanimous
“ Lord Viscount?—you need not look
“ astonished, appearances are not in my
“ favor, but you should not have mind-
“ ed appearances in these times d’ye see,
“ when a gentleman foldier is forced to
“ disguise himself like a beggar, to prevent
“ the disaffected yeomanry from forsaking
“ their houses, because they will not have
“ them overrun with troops; I know I shall
“ get billets easy enough for fourteen hun-
“ dred and sixty-five, and I see with plea-
“ sure, that your house will hold the odd
“ thirty-five, no great burden to be sure,
“ for they are to stay only six-weeks before
“ we all embark for the West Indies; but
“ stop, one thing I had like to have forgot,
“ you are expected to prepare all your wag-
“ gons, carts, and cars, to assist his Ma-
“ jesty’s family in removing from hence to
“ the water-side.”

This most improbable bombast, pro-
duced the happiest effects; we had not only
the

the hen, the pork, the ale, and the company of our now entertaining, hearty, liberal landlord with his humane wife at our table, but I believe if Trimbush could have spoke, he would have confessed that in his whole life he never made so excellent a dinner.

C H A P. XXIX.

The Knife and the Sheath.

OUR commander in chief, for it was evident enough that the landlord now considered my ingenious friend little inferior to a Field Marshal, early in the evening issued his orders for a two-bedded room to be prepared, one of which, very much to our comfort, Trimbush and I took possession of, some hours before the firm of rogue and fool was dissolved.

About.

About midnight, I felt myself violently shook by the elbow, and starting out of my first sleep, asked what was the matter? "No great matter," replied the soldier, "only being in a sort of plunge d'ye see, which I don't very well know how to get out of, be not cast down if you miss me for a short time, you shall see me again in two days, when I shall pay our host like a gentleman, but do not you stir from hence till I come back; as a pledge that I mean you fair," continued he, "I put into your hands all my worldly goods," giving me a large pocket knife, "in the sheath of this good blade when thou wantest a friend, thou mayest look and find one."

All the time he was speaking, my heart was so sealed up in the fumes of sleep, that whatever he said, entered only into my ears, and I should have remembered nothing about it if on rousing myself the next morning, I had not seen the knife and the sheath

sheath lying on my bolster, which convinced me that what I had considered as a confused dream, was a dreadful reality. I looked round as usual to make my complaint to governor Trimbush, and to tell him how little reliance could be placed on the friendship of man; but finding he did not appear at the first snap of my fingers, my mind misgave me, I threw myself out of bed, looked under it, over it, examined every corner of the room, ran my head up the chimney, called, shouted, raved, wept and tore my hair.

The uproar I raised in the house, brought the host and hostess to my levee, the former in a storm of fury greater than my own, the latter looking compassion which she durst not cloath in language. How crabbed are sometimes the destinations of fate: had the landlord of the Senator's Head been joined to the landlady of the Goat, and the host of the Goat to the hostess of the Senator's Head, two couple would have been happy

instead.

instead of four people miserable ; but no doubt there may be a wise purpose for these odd regulations, and if no other end is designed by lashing together a good soul and a bad one, than to make them tired of this life, and to wish for a better, it is in my opinion sufficiently accounted for.

I am sure it would grieve the feeling heart of my reader, were I to repeat the abuse, the cuffs, and the kicks, with which I was dismissed from my comfortable quarters ; my innocence, my tears, my lamentations, even the thousand opprobrious epithets I did not fail to bestow on the villain who had robbed me of Trimbus, availed nothing to soften the rugged disposition of mine host. My comrade, he said, stole his best nag from the stable, and I should march after him on foot.—There was no appeal to be made from my sentence, it was better depart with my bones bruised than broken. I therefore ran out of the
house

house without my hat, but the knife and the sheath I carried away with me.

C H A P. XXX.

The Old Woman and the Hens bewitched.

BEING got a small distance from the house, I turned back to cast on it one last look of indignation, when I saw my landlady running after me, with my hat in her hand. Sulky, stiff, and stubborn, I would have turned from her, but she called out, in a voice of so much kindness, desiring me to stop, that whilst I stood considering whether I should, or should not condescend to hold parley with her, she had joined herself to me.

“ I have

"I have brought your hat, my poor little man," said she.

"Then you may carry it back," returned I with unbending austerity.

"What, and the bread and butter I have brought in the crown of it, for your breakfast?"

"I don't want bread and butter, I wish you would let me alone to die, I have lost Trimbush, and am all over bruises."

"Child, child, we are all born to misfortunes, as the sparks fly upwards," wiping her eyes, in her blue woollen apron—"we should all submit to the will of God."

Whether the success of her arguments was most owing to the blue apron, or to the words themselves, I do not remember; but I felt my passion recede, and the salt tide

tide of tenderness overflowing my eyes. I permitted her to embrace me, and sobbed out my thanks on her bosom.

Possessed of my hat, and its contents, the sight of which gave me some consolation, I asked her advice how I was to proceed. Alas, added I, as long as my dog was with me, I had nothing to fear, but now I shall be afraid of every thing.

She pointed with her finger ; “ go,” said she, “ across that meadow, at the right
“ you will find a gate, by which you will
“ get into another field, at the bottom of
“ which stands a cottage, a friend of mine
“ lives there ; who, for my sake, will take
“ care of you as long as you like. You
“ may say I sent you, and shall come to see
“ her before many hours go over my head.
“ She is comical enough in some things,
“ but a charitable soul as ever lived.”

Our

Our whole conference did not last longer than two minutes, when the good creature ran back to the house, whilst I took to the path she had directed.

I found the old woman at the door of her cottage, with a little switch-stick in her hand, whipping some poultry, at which exercise she was so heartily engaged, that I had spoke more than once before she found time to answer me, and then only said, that if I pleased to walk in, she would come and speak to me presently.

I replied, that if it was the same thing to her, I would wait there till she was at leisure, for, said I, it is very much my wish madam, to know what you are about.

“Alas child, the business is very fatiguing, and almost beyond my strength.”

“Then will you let me assist you, good mother.”

"Peace, peace," cried she, "I shall have
"done in a moment," running from one to
another of her feathered family, missing
some, and laying her stick across the backs
of others. When she thought them suffi-
ciently disciplined, she took me by the
hand, and led me into her small hovel,
where poverty and neatness stood confessed
to receive us. She set me down by her side,
and on being told who had sent me thither,
she made very much of me, telling me I
should stay with her as long as I liked; for,
said she, "I want such a clever boy to
"beat my hens, pick my poultry, and carry
"my eggs to market."

"Dear mother, why is it that you beat
"your hens?"

"To make them lay, they would never
"produce me eggs, or chickens, if I did not
"serve them after this manner."

"Then

"Then why does not every body do as
"you do?"

"Every body is not so unfortunate as I
"am; their hens have not been bewitched
"like mine."

"Gracious, bewitched? do pray mother
"tell me how, for I do love such stories to
"my very heart."

She shook her head.—"Talking over
"one's troubles, do but aggravate them.
"I wish to forgive my enemies, and if one
"are for ever thinking, and thinking, of all
"the mischief they have done one, how can
"one say one's prayers?"

"Oh, but my good mother, witches you
"know are only devils, so there is no harm
"in abusing them."

"True, yet for all that they are flesh
"and blood, and have souls to be saved, if
"they repent of their sins."

I still persevered in my importunities, and at length prevailed upon her to gratify my curiosity.

“ You must know child, “ said she,
“ there are two evil-eyed sisters, who live
“ about a mile from my cottage, who fight,
“ and quarrel like two cats, and when they
“ have fetched the blood from one another,
“ away they run to their neighbours, who
“ they disturb with their complainings, and
“ whoever takes in either of them, is sure
“ to be harmed as soon as she goes back
“ to live with her sister again.—It was last
“ Autumn was twelvemonth, that the oldest
“ hag came to my door as I was feeding my
“ hens, which I will be bold to say, were
“ the finest flock, and the best layers in all
“ Wales.—‘ So says she, mother Jenkins,
“ I am come to beg a little shelter from
“ the fury of my sister, because she is got
“ into her tantrums, and see how she has
“ scratched me with her nails all over.’—
“ She shewed me her arms, and my hair
“ stood

“ stood on end.—Howsoever, on account
“ of her bad name, I excused myself from
“ letting her stay all night, so she went af-
“ ter I had given her some potatoes and
“ butter-milk, to another neighbour, where
“ she stopped till the next day, when she
“ went back to the other witch, and of a
“ sudden they became so loving to one
“ another, that all the country said there
“ was no good brewing between them.
“ Alack-aday, I little thought after all my
“ civility, that the mischief was to fall on
“ my head.—The first thing they did, was
“ to turn the weather, and such a winter as
“ they raised for storms, tempest, frost, snow,
“ hail, and rain, the oldest man living ne-
“ ver remembered.—First my cow died in
“ calving, then I lost a whole brood of
“ chickens, which I fed in my chimney-
“ corner to make them fat by the time
“ Lord Judge, and trumpets came to our
“ town, being sure then I should have a
“ good price for them; but they did not
“ leave me one of them. One should have

“ supposed by this time their spite would
“ have been satisfied, especially as I went to
“ them, and begged for the love of Hea-
“ ven, to spare what little I had left, to
“ subsist upon ; they called me a supersti-
“ tious old fool, bidding me go home and
“ look to my hens, and if they should fail
“ to lay their eggs, not to say that it was
“ their fault. Well, home I went, with my
“ heart ready to break, for I knew well
“ enough what they had got in their heads,
“ and so it turned out ; the weather every
“ hour grew more and more bitter, my hens
“ began to lay but once in two days, then
“ weekly, and afterwards not at all.—Ruin
“ was staring me in the face. I borrowed
“ a nag, for which I paid a shilling, and
“ rode away across the country, to a very
“ knowing man, who did abundance of
“ good by his deep learning. I told my
“ case to him, but though I did not tell
“ him who had done me this ill turn, he
“ described them so exactly, that if he had
“ not said another word, there could have
“ been

"been no disputing his knowledge ; he
"said it was a hard case indeed, and what
"I am afraid is, that it cannot be mended
"before the weather grows milder ; how-
"ever, you may try your hens by feeding
"them every morning with toast and ale,
"always giving them afterwards a few
"strokes across the back with a little stick,
"and as long as you do this, the witches
"will have no power over them.—I re-
"turned him a thousand thanks, as you
"may believe, and followed the doctor's
"advice in all things ; so that in a week
"my hens began to lay very cleverly, nor
"have my enemies overlooked them since ;
"for whether summer, or whether winter,
"I never fail to beat them every morning,
"and when it is cold, to feed them with
"toasted bread, fopped in my best ale."

I wish I could give all these dialogues
past, present, and to come, in the true
Welsh idiom ; it would be a great embel-
lishment to my book, but I had the mis-

fortune to leave that country at so early an age, and afterwards acquired so many other languages, that I had not room to retain it in my memory.

C H A P. XXXI.

The Spare Bed.

I Can hardly tell what sort of impression my dame's tale, of her hens bewitched, made on a mind more inclined to sorrow than to mirth; if any thing in the world could have made me laugh, it would have been the lamentations, and christian-like consolations of mother Jenkins; or could any thing have turned my thoughts into the channel of pleasure, I should have desired no better diversion, than to have paid a visit to the evil-eyed sisters, and set them
together

together by the ears, that I might have been a witness to their prowess ; on the contrary, I sat mumbling my bread and butter, steeping it in briney sorrow, that flowed incessantly for the loss of my dear Trimbush.

About noon my simple landlady having trotted from one corner to another, dusting all her plates and platters, bad me come and take a bit of dinner, consisting of broth with plenty of cheese sliced into it, together with a large oaten cake, of a very comely complexion, though so hard to divide without using a knife, that I drew the deserter's last legacy from my pocket ; and throwing the sheath on the table, out fell the great treasure of three six-pences ; the sight of which covered me with confusion, as much as if I had stolen them from my hospitable entertainer.

" Preserve us child," cried she, in a voice of astonishment, " where did you get all that power of money ?"

With a great deal of awkward hesitation, I told her how the knife came into my possession, and repeated the soldier's words, as he put it into my hands : "*In the sheath of this good blade, when thou wantest a friend, thou mayest look, and find one.*"

"A friend in need, is a friend indeed," replied mother Jenkins ; "however, put up thy riches my pretty dear, for as long as you live with me, and will help me to flog my hens, it shall not cost thee a far-thing." She then invited me to go with her, and assist in putting them to roost, which office I performed with so much adroitness, that at night, she rewarded me with a hot-pot made of her best hen-laying ale, well mixed with ginger, and brown sugar, which having finished between us to the last drop, she opened a hole in the wall, dignified by the appellation of her spare bed, and bidding me take off my cloaths, creep into it, say my prayers, lie down, and go to sleep as fast as I could, I
saw

U saw no more of her till she called upon me at break of day, to enter on the duties of my new appointment.

The sudden possession of unexpected wealth, is no friend to repose; I verily believed one of the three six-pences to be my own, the same which had glided out of my pocket in the granery; but why the rogue who first robbed me of that, and afterwards stole my dog should restore it three-fold, seemed a mystery worthy developement; to which labour, I devoted my reasoning faculties, until the inviting snores of the old woman, spread a sort of contagion over them; so that after two or three meanings, two or three tossings, and two or three turnings, I fell asleep without thinking any more of my good or ill fortune.

I did not turn out so early without murmuring, but took care to confine my grumblings so much within my teeth, that not one of them reached the ears of my dame, who

giving me more broth, warmed up with cheefe for my breakfast, and putting a stick into my hand, told me laying time was come; so I followed her into the yard, where setting herself down on a huge stone she shewed me which were the hens, bidding me strike skilfully, but to spare none of them.

I acquitted myself so much to her satisfaction, that she prayed Heaven, who had given her so great a treasure, would not take it from her; for my part, I was equally delighted, the sport was a new one and pleased me exceedingly, so that I should never have known when to have done if she had not first called, and afterwards pulled me off by the flaps of my coat, saying very gravely, "there may be too much of a good thing."

"But did not the doctor tell you mother, that the more they were beat, the better they'd lay?"

"He

"He said no such thing, and they have
"had enough of it." As she spoke these
few words, taking the rod from me, two
chickens of the true game breed, began
sparring at each other. I ran in to part them,
but the fight had already commenced, and
wanting to see how the battle would end, I
pretended to try if I could take up one or
the other, crying out, they were certainly
bewitched, for that they were grown so
heavy I could not move them. "Ah!"
exclaimed the poor old woman, wringing
her hands, "here are the hard-hearted
"sisters again; if they cannot destroy my
"hens, they are determined to demolish my
"cocks."

I saw by the combatants complexion,
that the contest would soon be over; and
unwilling to give pain, where I owed so
much gratitude, I begged she would trust
me with the stick once more.

"Yes,

"Yes child, you may try," said she in a voice the most mournful, "but I expect no redress, till I have taken a ride to consult the doctor."

I gave the two young warriors a few strokes on their feathers, and then catching one of them up in my hands, declared the enchantment to be dissolved. The mellowness of her grief was nothing to the extravagance of her joy; she fell on my neck, called me a second Solomon, protesting with tears in her eyes, that no day should ever again pass over her head, in which the cocks should not be beaten as well as the hens; and taking a farthing which had a hole bored through it from her pocket, she strung it upon some threads twisted together, and tied it round my neck to keep it for her sake—and *I will keep it for her sake, as long as I live.*

One of the game chickens by my advice was confined in a coop, by which device,

we

we had no more alarms of witchcraft, but went quietly on, feeding, flogging, eating, drinking and sleeping for the whole space of eight days, by which time, I began to fear the good mother's prayer had been registered above, and that the treasure sent to her by Heaven, would not be taken from her.

I very soon tired of my occupation; I loved mischief, and I loved play; the one was confined to a poultry yard, the other to an old woman, whose genius was very inferior to that of Agnëta, Henrietta, or even Numps himself; sometimes indeed we had the pleasure of a short visit from the hostess of the Senator's Head, but even she could club nothing to my amusement, having no other subject of conversation, than enumerating the number of times she had received the conjugal discipline of a horse-whip. I had little else to do, so kept her account against that of the hens, and when balanced she was in advance twenty-five slashes.

C H A P.

C H A P. XXXII.

A Stranger at the Door.

A Piercing easterly wind ushered in the ninth morning of my hen-whipping apprenticeship ; mother Jenkins with her garments floating in the wind, would herself administer to my assistance, so that our work was the sooner done, and whilst she made up her fire to prepare our dinner, I shut the door and sat down in the chimney-corner. Presently the hurricane, which seemed to shake our little hut to the very foundation, subsided ; but the rain poured from the clouds in such torrents, that again the sisters were suspected, as I could discover,

ver, by hearing my dame cry out softly to herself—" *The Lord forgive them.*"

At that moment, a very odd sound, which seemed to come from under the door, almost staggered my courage. It was like a man of strong lungs trying to blow up a fire with his mouth.—"There they are," exclaimed my terrified patroness—"there they are, don't you hear how they are trying to blow up another whirlwind, to tumble the house about our ears?"

I feared the poor soul would have fainted, so flew to see if it was the enemies she apprehended, telling her, I would pelt them well with stones, if I found them near her dwelling—but when I opened the door—My God, I shall never forget that moment! my dearest friend—my beloved Trimbush lay with his nose on the threshold, whose quick and hard breathing had called me to this transporting interview; instantaneously were we in the embrace of each other, his
paws

paws upon my shoulders, and my arms incircling his shaggy neck, streaming with the dews of Heaven.

"Preserve us!" cried my dame, with a face made up of horrors.

"Oh mother, mother, fear nothing, it is only Trimbush, my own dear, dear dog Trimbush."

"My son, my son, take care what you are about; throw that witch from you. I tell you child it is all a trick, for 'tis not the first time they have been caught in that very shape killing their neighbours sheep."

"Lord help you mother, what do you suppose I don't know my Dog Trimbush from a witch?"

"The mischief be on thy own head, stubborn boy, since thou wilt not take
"warning."

"warning from experience," and making a very low curtsy to Trimbush, she was running out of the house, when stopping her I asked why she treated this poor inoffensive animal with so much respect, if she did really believe him to be the evil-eyed sister? "Ah child, child," said she, shaking like an aspen leaf, "I can't deny to answer the last question, I shall ever hear thy pretty prattling tongue ask of me, for they that will kill *sheep*, will kill *lambs*;" and her eyes rained almost as fast as the clouds. "When," continued she, "these sort of gentry, puts on these sorts of shapes, though they can't tell what one says, yet they know well enough what one does; so that for want of civility, much harm might come, and a civil notice may turn away wrath."

She would certainly have flown from me into the fields, at the conclusion of this solemn harangue, had not her friend the landlady come, beating through all the rain for the

the purpose of bringing us some good news, which her face proclaimed, before her speech gave it utterance. Her first words very much recomposed the agitated spirits of dame Jenkings.

“ So little gentleman, your dog has scent-
“ ed you out I see, without waiting to take
“ me for his guide.”

“ Why, are you sure neighbour that this
“ dog belongs to the child, and did he in
“ truth come from your house?”

“ That did he in truth.”

“ So much the better, so much the bet-
“ ter, I thought it had come from some-
“ where else. I have heard say, the less
“ wicked, the longer wicked, but I can’t
“ live for ever, they won’t always have me
“ to torment.”

“ Mother

“Mother Jenkins, I can’t stay now, to
“hear you talk about witches, when our
“house at home is all in a hurly burly;
“never was such grand people heard of, in
“these parts before; my master has got his
“nag that the soldier rode away upon, eve-
“ry thing is turned topsy turvey, a fine
“well bodied man in the face came first
“leading my master’s horse, and ordered a
“dinner, as though it had been for his
“Majesty’s own eating; if we were to go
“on at this rate, I reckon in two days we
“should have nothing dead or alive, to put
“upon the spit, or into the pot.”

Hearing the deserter had returned his horse to the landlord, I was able to account for the return of Trimbush also, and thought myself to be no further concerned in the detail of our loquacious visitor, who seemed as much intoxicated by her good fortune, as I had been heretofore with Papa Owen’s good geneva; I say I did not think little Delves at all interested in the
great

great news with which she came full fraught, yet nevertheless I stood with my eyes staring, and my mouth gaping to devour, as fast as she could utter. I have made a convenient break in the chain of this Morning Herald's intelligence, though there was not in her whole conversation one link divided.

"I say neighbour, you never saw the
"like.—Well, the longest lane must have a
"turning one time, or one time.—You
"would not know my master was you to
"see him since his horse have come back,
"led by so clever a gentleman, who be-
"haved so handsome, bespoke so glorious
"a dinner,—and not only that, but paid
"nobly for all the soldier had eat and drank,
"as well as for the entertainment of that
"pretty angel, besides paying for the nag's
"work for eight days, as though he had
"been lawfully hired out of the stable.—
"Oh dear! oh dear! if it does but last;
"if my master is only half so kind when
"these

“ these gentry are come and gone again,
“ you will not hear me complain any more
“ of my hard lot. I had like in my hurry
“ not to tell you that the great gentleman
“ who led home master’s poney, said the
“ first word, before he dismounted, as mas-
“ ter held the stirrup, and I the bridle, he
“ asked where was the poor little boy whom
“ that scoundrel foldier had used so scur-
“ vily, and so——”

“ Saint Taffy save us ! there is the very
“ gentleman himself,—I wonder if master
“ shewed him the way, or if he found it
“ out by my telling.”

Mother Jenkins opened the door, the gentleman entered, and both the ladies curtsied down to the very ground, whilst I just nodded my head, having no great idea of his consequence, after hearing that he had led home the innkeeper’s horse ; I only observed, that he was very tall, decently dressed, well shaved and trimly powdered. No wonder

wonder that under such a disguise I should not assume to myself the honour of claiming an acquaintance with my old friend the deserter.

C H A P. XXXIII.

How to subdue Anger.

HAVING made me to recognize him by the expressions of joy he testified at our re-union, and dissatisfied at the sulky resentment with which I received, without deigning to answer them, he said in a tone of humble conciliation, "I see well enough my little master, that you don't forgive my stealing a march, and carrying away your dog."

I do

I do not forgive you, I never will forgive you; the loss of Trimbush has cost me more tears than all my misfortunes.

We spoke in low voices, and he had drawn me at such a distance from the women, that they could not hear what was passing between us. I shall never forget the poor soldier's countenance, when he found I would enter into no terms of reconciliation; it changed from one colour to another, and ended in a black, which seemed to threaten strangulation; he pulled his hat over his eyes, crossed his arms, and exclaimed, "*This goes deeper than a cannon ball; that could have gone only through my flesh, but your unkindness goes through my heart.*"

My own melted at the reproach, and had there been wanting any auxiliary to complicate the conquest of Humanity over Passion, I should have found it in the recollection that at the moment of his transgression,

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gression, he left himself pennylefs, to provide as well as he could for my neceffities. I love you again, faid I, giving him my hand, which he received with as much refpect and devotion, as he could have done that of a prince.

C H A P. XXXIV.

The Recal.

BEING reftored to our former eafe, I fat myfelf down upon his knee, and in a whifper demanded where he had been, and why he had made Trimbufh the partner of his flight?

“ Hufh,” faid he, “ the old women may
“ overhear us, the folks at the inn do not
“ know me, now that I am a gentleman,
“ and being hired into honourable fervice,
“ it

“it would discompose my dignity, to be
“discovered by them.”

Well, replied I, since you are so delicate let you and I go out together, and take Trimbush with us.

The rain had ceased, and he looked inclined to gratify my eager curiosity when an ambaffador arrived from the Senator's Head, with difpatches, requiring the immediate return of the landlady and the gentleman, the grand company being juft arrived, the hoftefs very much wanted, and the gentleman very much enquired after by his family.

To this fummons there could be no opposition, and I had the mortification to lose my friend, almost at the moment I thought I had found him; he promised I should see him again before I expected, and preffing me between his arms, flew off at full speed, whilst contrary to the rules of
L 2 generosity,

generosity, I called after him, and put him in mind of his past ill conduct, by desiring he would not run away again and leave me behind.

As soon as our two visitors had left us to ourselves, Mother Jenkins employed me to hunt down three of her whitest chickens, the necks of which she twisted, with as little remorse of conscience, as one female destroys the reputation of another; and down we sat with a basket between us, beginning to pluck off their feathers, an office in which I had already assisted more than once and always to her satisfaction, as well as to my own honour.

These chickens, she said, were for the gentlefolk's supper, if they should happen to stop all night; she had bargained with her neighbour for sixpence a piece, and one of them she would put into a purse where more should follow every time she made her market, all of which
savings

savings should go to me when I was a man, even if it should come to so much as ten shillings.

I asked how it happened, that she who was so good to me could find it in her heart to kill these poor little chickens.

"Why, as to that," said she, "God made children to be treated like christians, to be fed when they are hungry, and clothed when they are naked, but God made mouths to be filled; some with better, some with worse, he made broth for the poor, and chickens for the rich, such as be now with neighbour Jones and the like. Lord love ye child, if there were not lamb butchers, and chicken butchers for the better-most people, poor souls, what good would their money do them, for they would be all starved to death."

Do you think mother, they could not eat beef, and mutton, if they were hungry?

“ Preserve me, child ! why, I suppose
“ by what I have heard tell of their eating,
“ that they are no more like us, than my
“ speckled hen is like that dead chicken.
“ My poor husband’s aunt in law had a first
“ cousin, whose uncle’s niece’s grandmo-
“ ther, lived housekeeper with one of the
“ great gentlemen of London, besides which
“ he was a Parliament Man, and many a
“ time has she told me that no meat was
“ used in that or any other grand family,
“ except to make gravy, or diet the ser-
“ vants; why do you know that their very
“ dogs have the same sort of fancies about
“ their victuals; and my relation’s own lady
“ had a dog who would never eat any thing
“ but chicken, nor be contented with less
“ than half a one at every meal; now I
“ can’t

"can't chuse but think it is a great misfortune to have so puney a stomach."

Nothing could have drawn off my attention from the entertaining tales which I saw my dame so ready to please me with, that I might not think my labour long, or tedious; nothing would have made me guilty of so much unpoliteness, as to rise up in the middle of her story, throw my half picked chicken into the basket, and bounce out at the cabin door; nothing could have made me scream out, and almost leap over the old woman's head, but the recollection that I had not seen Trimbush, since he helped me to run down the chickens.

Mother Jenkins, almost as much alarmed as myself, followed me into the yard as fast as she could waddle. Mother Jenkins was no racer, yet alas she arrived too soon, it would have been better she had stumbled, it would have been almost better for her if she had broken

her neck, than to behold as she did, my travelling governor, to his disgrace be it spoken, in the act of sucking the last of thirteen eggs, over which the speckled hen had that unlucky morning been set abroad. Oh! what a squall did she give, how confused was I, and how sheepish looked Trimboth. The whole world shall never persuade me that he did not know he had been doing mischief—he clapped his tail between his legs, hung down his head, slunk into the house, and hid himself behind the door.

I cuffed him softly—I kicked him softly—I talked hardly—I stamped my foot hardly—till the compassion of my good dame was moved in his behalf. She forgave him,—she hoped heaven would forgive him,—she carried her charity still further, and prayed also, that those might be forgiven who had set him upon doing it.

I hoped

I hoped she did not suspect me of so much baseness—I was ready to break my heart—I would make her any recompense,—I would give her all my three sixpences, to shew her that I had no hand in the mischief.

I had actually drawn the sheath from my pocket, and very unlike what I afterwards found to be the mode of making offerings, I wished her to accept my whole fortune and use it as her own, but she refused my bounty with a sigh, adding “all the wealth
“in the world would do me no good, as
“long as I am overlooked; I dare say your
“dog never sucked eggs, till he came into
“this neighbourhood?”

Never, never, my dear mother, I never knew him do such a thing before in all my life.

“I thought so, I have no dispute but he is
“honest, and would not have hurt a poor wi-

“dow woman if he could have helped it.
“God forgive them, but come, let us finish
“our work, lackaday, taking up her half
“plucked biddy, lackaday, had my eggs
“been spared, every one of them would
“have made a chicken.”

“It is five o’clock,” she continued, “my
“child, put out thy hand and give the hour
“glafs a turn upwards.”

Just as I had executed her orders, and
set the sand spinning, but not without
giving it a hearty shake, in hopes to make
it run the faster,—stop,—I must here ob-
serve, that from thirteen to thirty, the
same desire is pretty universal amongst both
sexes, the time which intervenes between
our youthful pursuits, we would shorten if
we could, and shake the sand as I did, but
when it has run out one half, then the ta-
bles are turned, instead of wasting a single
grain, we desire nothing so much, as to
have it replenished with a fresh supply,
that

that our hour might run a little longer. Just, I say, as I had executed my dame's orders, and turned up the hour glass, somebody knocked at the door.

C H A P. XXXV.

Who that somebody was.

COME in, and welcome, cried my dame, in a mournful tone, for notwithstanding her philosophy, the eggs were still sticking in her throat; come in and welcome. Presently my friend the soldier, whom henceforth I shall desire my readers to know under the name of Alexander, lifted up the latch, and told me in a great hurry, that if I would walk with him, he was now at leisure to attend me.

“The child can’t go,” cried the dame,
“until he has done picking my chick-
“ens.”

What shall I do, said I, for I would stay here to help her, who has taken care of me, and I would walk with you to stretch my legs, which are quite benumbed, with sitting so long; suppose you lend us a hand, our work will be done the sooner, pluck those feathers from the pinion, I can’t pull them out for the life of me.

“I dare not stay,” cried the foldier,
“and you must go with me, get up and
“shake off the feathers from your coat, I
“have good news to tell you, and as to our
“brave mother, d’ye see, let her count
“till we come back again, how many hens
“two guineas will add to her stock,” throw-
ing the specified sum into her lap, bounc-
ing out at the door, and pulling me after
him by the hand, with so much strength,
as I was unable to resist, though I heard
my

my poor dame screaming after us with all her might.

He did not let me stop to take breath, till he had dragged me to the road side, where a fine coach and a phaeton stood still, as if waiting for somebody ; they were far enough from the inn, so that I had no suspicion from whence they came, till my betrayer, asking me if I would go a little nearer to take a look at them, I found myself at the door of the former, and Alexander in a foldierly position, one hand held up to his hat, with the other let down the step.

“ Enter my child,” said a female voice, which had in it all the harmonical sounds of a *Circe*, though on my ear it produced nothing like enchantment, and I answered very churlishly, by desiring to know what she wanted with me, saying, I was tall enough to hear her pleasure, without coming into the coach and dirtying her all over.

“ I know,”

“ I know,” said she, “ from report, you
“ are a stubborn little man, so you shall
“ have it your own way, only stand on the
“ first step, that I may not be forced to
“ break my neck, whilst I am talking to
“ you.”

I was actuated to resist the good disposition of my stars, by a strong foreboding that Papa Owen might be at the bottom of this plot, and even in the carriage with my seducer, for I saw a man's hand slung in the holder, though his person was screened by the lady's leaning forward, and yet Papa's buggy, how could it be turned into a coach, or Nutmeg into six bright bays? so I ventured to do as she bid me, and set my feet on the step, when suddenly I felt myself pushed, or rather lifted behind, but with such a jerk, that I fell flat upon my face; however, I recovered my legs in a moment, on hearing the door of the carriage clap to, and began raving, storming, and kicking, so violently, to be put out again with
Trimbush,

Trimbush, that the lady expecting no doubt to have the glasses all shattered about her ears, called me a little ruffian, but said, if I would sit still, and be quiet, I should see my dog well taken care of; she then spoke softly to one of the footmen, of which there were three, besides Alexander, and afterwards lifting up the curtain behind, she put me between herself and the gentleman, bidding me look out—from whence I saw my travelling governor sitting up in a phaeton in a sort of state, which he carried with becoming dignity, having on either hand an attendant who seemed to study nothing but his accommodation.

“ Well, now are you satisfied?” said the lady.

I don’t know what you are going to do, with us, I replied, fobbing.

“ Nothing,”

"Nothing," returned she, with great good humour, "but what shall engage your love, and the gratitude of Trim-bush." "Go on," added she, to a servant who had dismounted to receive her commands, and without any further parley we were off in a moment.

C H A P. XXXVI.

Short Dialogue.

DURING the first hour of my forced peregrination, I suppose my conductors must have found me rather an unpleasant companion, as I sat sullenly wrapped in my own meditations, without ever lifting my eyes towards them, or answering the thousand questions they asked me, with any thing more than a short monosyllable.

"They

"They tell me you are thirteen years old,
"you do not look more than fix or seven;
"are you really so old?"

Yes.

"Have you ever been taught any lessons?"

Yes.

"Can you read and write?"

Yes.

"Speak the languages?"

No.

"Dance?"

No.

"Fence?"

No.

No.

"Did you ever in your whole life, say
"any thing else, but yes or no?"

Yes.

"You have a Papa?"

Yes.

"Who is he?"

Don't know.

"Where does he live?"

Can't tell.

"Shall we find him out, and return you
"to him?"

No, no.

"When

"When little boys do not know how to behave with civility to strangers," said the gentleman, "home is the most proper place for them."

I wish you had let me stay where I was, mumbled I to myself.

"What is that you say, my dear?" cried the lady.

Nothing.

"Have you left any friend, that you care for in the village, from which we have taken you?"

Yes.

"Is it your mother?"

No.

"Who then?"

An

An old woman, who must break her heart, because you will not let me go back; the bitterness of this reflection made me hang down my head, and the tears stream over my cheeks.

The gentleman embraced me, the Lady drew me towards her, I did not know that I said any thing to please them, yet they loaded me with careffes.

"This is a fine point in his character," cried the former, "he can love those who
"are good to him, and we will force him
"by our indulgence, and the favours we
"shall shew him to give us his confidence."

"He shall not be able to refuse us, his
"whole heart," rejoined the lady, kissing my cheek, whilst at the same time she took out a purse, from which, having counted five guineas, and wrapped them in paper, she stopped the carriage, and called
for

for Alexander, who proceeding to the side of the coach, received her commands to carry that little parcel back to the old woman, with the child's love, and to assure her, it was not the last kindness with which her bounty to him should be repaid. We shall sleep at ———, added she, so make all the haste you can to get up with us before your master can require your attendance.

The magnificence of the present, the manner in which it was conferred, above all, the promise by which it was accompanied, dissolved my whole soul in a delirium of tender gratitude, which produced a divine sensation never before experienced. I fell on my knees. I kissed the hands of my noble benefactors, more on account of their beneficence to poor old Jenkins, even than for their graciousness to myself; they were satisfied, and from that moment we became the best friends in the world.

I now

I now opened to them my heart, without reserve. I did not remember a single action of my life, good or bad, but what I recounted to them ; it was not only of myself that I talked, but of every other body I had known, making their affairs my own, because I supposed my protectors must be as fond of news, whether foreign or domestic, as Papa Winifred, mine Hostess of the Senator's Head, or Mother Jenkins.

My endeavours to entertain were not exerted in vain ; I had a pretty knack of painting to advantage, and some characters which I drew at full length, delighted them so much that when pretty late in the evening we stopped at a handsome looking inn, they almost regretted that our journey was not to commence again till the next day ; and for my part, I could not help thinking these fine people must be my father and mother, though for some reason or other, known to themselves, they did not think proper to acknowledge the relationship.

Romantic

Romantic as this idea may appear, it acted on my mind very forcibly; to the love I already felt for them, I thought it becoming to add the duty and obedience of a son, and instead of considering myself nobody, and humbling myself to every body, with the exaltation of my suppositious consequence, I grew more exalted in my conduct, and when Alexander attended to undress, and put me to bed, I treated him with as much hateur and impertinence, as if I had been born heir apparent to a dukedom, which was going a little beyond the mark, my imaginary parents Sir Edward and Lady Eveline, standing on the red book only about the middle of a great many worthy baronets.

Poor Alexander, shocked at the reception I gave him, very naturally conceived that it was owing to the displeasure I harboured for his having imposed on me a second time, and with tears in his eyes, solemnly intreated my forgiveness, having
done

done nothing but what he was sure would turn out for my good.

"You are in the right," said I, in a commanding tone, "I pardon all that is passed, provided you tell me how you came to find out my Papa and Mamma?"

Spreading abroad his red eyes, which were of the same cast of colour with his hair, he enquired who I meant by my Papa and Mamma.

"Why, who should I mean, but Sir Edward and Lady Eveline."

"Ah, not at all unlikely! Have they told you so already?"

"What does that signify?—I am sure you know well enough."

"Master, master, you must ask me no questions, and I must tell you no tales;

"I have

"I have been sworn upon the bible book,
"and one word would send me to the de-
"vil, yet I may *speake* what I *think*, it is
"not like firing with another man's shot,
"I must tell nothing, but I may *think*."

"Do you think I am the son of Sir Ed-
"ward Eveline?"

"As sure as you are standing there with-
"out your shoes." I had taken off my
shoes, and was just stepping into bed.

"Well, but Alexander, Sir Edward has
"given you to me as my servant, not as
"my friend; but my servant, remember
"that Alexander."

"Friend or servant, it is all the same to
"me; I shall serve, honour, and love you,
"whether you ride a charger, or march in
"the ranks."

“ I don’t understand what you call a
“ charger, but I am pretty sure of riding
“ in my coach; don’t you suppose Alex-
“ ander that this new Papa must be mon-
“ strous rich?”

“ Monstrous rich! I heard his steward
“ say but yesterday, that he and my lady,
“ between them, have above twenty thou-
“ sand pounds a year.”

“ And dear Alexander, do you really
“ think I am their son?”

“ As sure from what I have seen and
“ heard, which for my soul’s sake must
“ stay in my own stomach, as sure little
“ master, you are their son, as a man and
“ his wife are one flesh.”

The appearance of Lady Eveline broke
off our interesting *tête à tête*. She sent him
to get me a small basin of slight whey,
came herself to my bed side, felt my hands
if

if they were feverish, and having asked me after every complaint that can be found in a sick man's calendar, she stooped down, kissed my cheek, wished me a good night, drew the curtains close round me, and retired with as much softness in her step, as there was beauty in her countenance.

Tell me reader, was I to blame for building such fine castles with such rich materials? but you never saw her charming hazle eyes, or the maternal tendernefs that floated in every glance; good night charming Mamma whispered I, as she went out at the door, and then fell asleep with these words on my tongue, *What will Agnetta say when she hears I am a great man?*

C H A P. XXXVII.

Happy Delves.

I Awoke from a dream, perfectly consonant to the ideas which had nestled in my bosom, on my falling into the arms of sleep, not with a start of terror or scream of surprise; my faithful Alexander returned with the whey, and my waking at the sound of his voice, was with the composure of an infant, who opens his eyes upon the light, smiling at every object, and foreseeing danger in none.

Trimbush, who had stretched himself on the floor by my side, was also roused by the coming in of a man at, what he thought,

an

an unseasonable hour ; he got up with a sort of fierceness in his address, not very conciliating, but on a nearer examination, he forgave the intrusion, for the intruder's sake, waiting by my side for his share of the repast ; whilst resting on my elbow, I sipped my whey, and entertained my attendant with repeating all that Lady Eveline had said or done, after he went out of the chamber ; concluding with these words : "*She is certainly my Mamma.*"

As certainly as every regiment has its colonel, every company its serjeant, and every serjeant his halbert.—" Bow-wow cried Trimbush, making a third in our conversation. I threw him all the toast, and offered him some whey, but the latter he declined, as being a sort of delicacy, to which he had never been accustomed ; I then gave it to my servant, or rather to my mongrel, for I had not quite forgotten to treat him as a friend ; he accepted the half of my mess with thankfulness, and drank

to my having twenty thousand pounds a year, and him for my steward. I promised him whenever that happened, he should come in for his share of my good fortune. This man, thought I, deserves all that I shall do for him. I have never heard him talk so well, and so very much to the purpose.—I then considered the idea as a spontaneous effort of my own candour, I did myself too much honor, for now I know that when one man feels particularly delighted with another man's conversation, himself, his pleasures, his vices, or his hobby horses must have been the subject of it.

Unthankful minds receive substantial benefits, with a worse grace than the grateful do promises, which can only be called the shadows of good will. Alexander gave me a thousand thanks, made me a thousand bows, and wished a thousand times, that his Nan had been alive, to partake of his great fortune.

When

When a man begins talking of his wife, especially a dead one, it seems as if the subject of her perfections would be as lasting as wedlock itself : on such occasions, there are but three circumstances, which must be united in one to keep any, except the husband, from falling asleep—she must be living—she must be handsome, and though she should happen to be a grandmother, she must be comeatable. The more Alexander boasted of his Nan's excellencies, the more drowsy I grew ; I remember these were the last words I heard him say before I sealed up my senses in oblivion, "*I would not have parted with my Nan.*" I did not wait to hear at what price, nor did I renew the subject again, when he came to awaken me the next morning.

He brought me a shirt, stockings, and compleat suit of cloaths, finer than any I ever had before ; he put a dressing-cloth over my shoulders, washed my face, then my hands, afterwards turned my natural ring-

lets round and round his fingers till he had made them fall like bottle-screws over my shoulders, and upon my forehead, when putting a new hat under my arm, he conducted me to my patrons, advising that when I came into their presence, I should fall down on my knees, and ask their blessing.

I thought no humiliation too much from a son to a father, by whom he was not yet acknowledged, and who moreover, had an estate of twenty thousand pounds a year, and followed the counsel he gave me—By nature I was not mercenary, but by education I had imbibed a sovereign respect for riches, and had learnt from the precepts of Papa, and Winifred, that almost divine honors belonged to the possessors of them.

Well then—see me advancing, or rather running to precipitate myself at the feet of Sir Edward and Lady Eveline, with strong emotions of filial love darting from my eyes,

eyes, and no doubt, they gave something to my countenance of animation, which must have pleased my supposed parents exceedingly; for before the knees of my new breeches had touched the ground, I was snatched from the arms of one to the other, and nearly devoured with caresses.

Alexander with his hand in the usual posture of salute, humbly stood within the door, to receive, I suppose, his share of praise for having assisted to transform a vagabond into a gentleman.

“How handsome he is,” cried Sir Edward.—I cast a glance at Alexander, through the corner of my eye—Alexander grinned.

“He has the air of a prince,” says Lady Eveline—again I looked upon Alexander; to say he grinned, would be doing him injustice, every feature was screwed up to an expression of joy, almost excruciating.—

“That is an honest creature,” observed Sir Edward, after he had sent him out, to expedite the preparations for our departure. “Delves you must be always good to him, “he has done much for you—even more “than he is at liberty to declare.” I promised every thing, and meant to perform every thing that I did promise.

There is no accounting for the caprices of the human mind ; I was delighted with my new Papa and Mamma, I was proud of the notice they had taken of my appearance, I was gratified in being seated between them at the breakfast-table, to receive from their hands, whatever it pleased my fancy to demand. I say there is no accounting for the caprices of the human mind ; for in the midst of all these honors, all these indulgences, I sat wriggling in my chair, knocking my heels against each other, and dying with impatience to run after Alexander, to see what he was about, and what he had done with Trimbus ; yet I
was

was not quite so very a savage to discover my internal agony of eagerness, the external symptoms of which escaped the observation of Sir Edward and Lady Eveline, who seemed so transported with my prattle, that thinking of mother Jenkins's observation during the flogation of her hens, that *there might be too much of a good thing*, I pretended to recollect that I had not said my prayers before, I came down stairs, and begged I might retire to say them. I had once or twice heard the same excuse made by Winifred, when she desired to be thought well of by her neighbours; so I supposed there could be no harm in following such a pattern of piety.

My new friends not only consented to my request, but gave me many praises, which on the whole, did not much flatter me, because I knew I did not deserve them; yet such an effect did a few words from the gracious lips of Lady Eveline produce on my heart, even at the moment of my wicked dissimulation, that I shall never forget

them as long as I live, and I actually did turn into a room and said my prayers, before I went into the court to look after Alexander.

C H A P. XXXVIII.


What Lady Eveline said.

“**G**O dearest child, go say thy prayers, and
 “ say them with all thy heart; thy inno-
 “ cence, and sincerity, will draw down a
 “ blessing on all our heads.”

There was a great deal of expression in this short sentence, it set my hypocrisy in such colours before my eyes, that I could not but see it in another light than when practised by Winifred; but what was added about drawing down a blessing on all their heads, fully convinced me that I was indeed
 their

their son ; so the moment I was alone and had shut the door, I fell upon my knees begging God to make me a good boy, that I might be deserving of these rich and kind parents.

The united images of Alexander and Trimbush, for all I could do, would mix in my devotions ; for which cause, I very much shortened them, and running into the court-yard, found the horses put to the carriages with my travelling governor, as on the preceding day, sitting up between his two supporters. I climbed up on the wheel of the phaeton, just to bid him good bye, when Sir Edward and his Lady coming from the house, got into the coach, calling upon me to follow them ; so that I had only time to tell the two attendants, that if they took good care of my dog, I would divide the whole contents of my purse between them at dinner time. I was punctual to my word, and changing one of my three six-pences, I presented them nine-pence a piece



piece, thinking I had done the most marvellous act of generosity ; nor until experience taught me the full extent to which this class of people stretch their expectations, could I account for the indifference, not to say impertinence, with which they accepted my gift, almost laughing in my face, whilst they pocketed my bounty.

I do not insist that my reader shall follow me like the basket of a stage-coach, from inn to inn, or as Mrs. Fidget follows her gay husband, from one place of rendezvous to another ; I only desire he should understand how that in our journey through Wales, to the channel which divides the two counties, I did not lose my reputation of a most agreeable travelling companion ; how that my present dear Mamma, something in the stile of ci-devant mother Winifred, opened her eyes only to my perfections, and shut them on my faults ; how that my Papa, Sir Edward, talked of sending me to Eton School, and how that I
did

did not very much relish this last proof of his fatherly providence.

I recollect no part of our excursion that appeared to me so pleasant as crossing the Channel ; I had never been upon the water before, indeed I had never seen any of greater extension than a fish-pond ; the busy looks of the sailors, their employment, their noise, the stillness of all other objects, the glassy surface, the gentle puffing out of the sails, every thing conspired to heighten my surprise into extacy. It was impossible to drag me from the side of the boat, all that could be done for my preservation, was Lady Eveline holding the flaps of my coat whilst I laid over, resisting the tide with my hand ; the most delightful sport of which I had ever yet partaken.

Lady Eveline would not admit Trim-bush into the same boat with herself, for fear, as she said, the two friends might grow riotous, and overset it ; so his reverence
was

was obliged to pass over, in company with the domestics. On landing on the other side, we again entered our carriages, passed through Bristol, and Bath, staying several hours at both places, in which time, I had the felicity of walking about with Alexander and Trimbush, to see and admire the new world, of which, according to my way of reckoning the fortune of Sir Edward, and my inheritance, I was henceforth to become no contemptible inhabitant.

In justice to the strength of my own mind, I must here beg leave to declare, that the vanity, by which I was at first overtaken on my sudden elevation, was not a vice of the heart, but a whim of the understanding, which already had so far subsided, that I not only hung on the arm of Alexander, through the principal streets of the city, but actually talked to him of all our old acquaintances, as if every one of them had been possessed of twenty thousand pounds a year.

And

And what, cried I, was dame Jenkins about, and what did she say to you, when you carried her the five guineas Mamma sent her.

“ Why indeed it was a pitiful sight master, for the good old body was laughing, and crying, all in the same breath, as recruits do, who want to keep his majesty’s bounty-money ; yet after they have got it, would fain stay at home with their sweethearts. As to what she was about, why dy’e see master there was no telling, because she was sitting still, with her neighbour the landlady, and I believe they may be counting over the two guineas, which her Ladyship’s prodigality sent to her the first time, and I am pretty sure of it ; for she bawled out when I shewed her the five, ‘ What more money, but where is my dear boy ? ’ ”

“ Stop,” cried little Delves, “ some dust is blown into my eyes ; lend me your
“ hand-

"handkerchief, for I have left mine at the
"inn; one of the elements had made an
"inroad to my eyes, yet it did not spring
"from the earth. Now tell me all that
"she said to you."

"That master, is as impossible, as for one
"man to conquer a whole army; for dy'e
"see, her words stood rank and file, so
"close together, that the best adjutant in
"the service, could not have told which
"was which;—but here are their honors
"coming to meet you, so dy'e see master,
"pray let go my arm, that no offence may
"be taken."

A Papa and Mamma, having twenty
thousand pounds a year, whose minds
were made out of the common stuff ma-
terials, might perhaps have felt themselves
offended to see their heir in an attitude so
familiar with this domestic, and not then
knowing the true lustre of their souls, so
well as I know it now, I thought it pru-
dent

dent to follow the counsel given me by Alexander, but as there must be always something strange to mark my conduct, instead of running to meet Sir Edward and Lady Eveline, I mounted on the back of Trimbush, to the great amusement of a hundred spectators, and gravely advanced towards them; they seemed to check my frolick a little, but it was so very little, that I saw well enough, they were more pleased than angry.

Lady Eveline led me from the South Parade, where I had exhibited my address in dogmanship to the Pump Room, and made me taste some hot-water, which caused me to put up such a face as set all the beaux and belles in a roar. Mamma then taking me back to the inn, pointed out the sign to my observation, "Take notice," said she, "of that lion's ugly countenance, just so did you look Delves, after you had drank the water; it is no wonder that every body laughed at you."

I don't

"I don't mind that," replied I, my boldness increasing with her freedom, which is pretty generally the case, with young gentlemen of my description. "It is better to be laughed at for being a lion, than for being an afs."

"An afs! what made you think of an afs?"

"Why seeing so many of them standing all about us, whilst the maid pumped out the water."

Sir Edward walked away, that he might not seem to encourage my impertinence; Lady Eveline checked it with a few words, but fed it with a great many dimpled smiles, and a whole volley of approving glances.

C H A P. XXXIX.

Other and more surprising Adventures.

LADY Eveline declared, as we turned our backs on the White Lion, that if the Theatre had been open, she should have been tempted to stay a night in Bath, for the gratification of hearing little Delves make his critique on the players. I thanked her, but said I liked travelling a great deal better. "You know nothing about a play," she replied, "and can't tell how you would have liked it." According to my usual custom, I gave her Ladyship a plump contradiction, by saying that I had seen a play, and thought it the stupidest nonsense in all the world.

"Where

“Where did you ever see one?”

“In the great room, where the justices
“meet.

“Tell us then, what you saw, and what
“you heard.”

“I did not see any thing, but a little
“man, and a little woman, who jabbered
“at one another, like two ducks in a mill-
“pond.”

“What were they called, or had they no
“names?”

“Oh yes; they had names, for Mr. Dar-
“cy, who took me to see them, told me
“they were called Mr. and Mrs. Punch.”

“Before you decide on the merit of other
“Actors and Actresses, we must try and
“find out this Mr. Darcy; I know some-
“thing of him, and after I have chid him
“for

“ for giving you so bad an impression of
“ my favorite amusement, I shall certain-
“ ly make him do penance for his fault, by
“ sending him with you to such Theatres,
“ as will eradicate these childish prejudices.
“ I do not fear that you will dislike those
“ sort of places, I only hope that you may
“ never like them too well.”

I desire not to be accused of too great presumption in putting these travelling scraps of conversation together, and serving them up without consulting the palate of my reader ; on the contrary, let it be considered how many of my own bright sallies I must have left unrepeated, in a journey which, from the beginning, when I was betrayed from my old dame, and her hens bewitched, to the end when I arrived at Eveline Lodge lasted full eight days ; had I only suppressed the good things which did not belong to myself, the sacrifice would have been without merit, nothing being
more

more common than to be sparing of other people's praise, however lavish of our own.

We had travelled, and rested—rested, and travelled five days, as I found by applying to a small stick, on which I notched them regularly every morning; when about the middle of the fifth, I observed Sir Edward and Lady Eveline look at each other, with a sort of mysterious meaning, in which I thought myself concerned. “You had better speak to him,” said Mamma.—“I think so,” replied Papa; and before I could find out what was the matter with them, Sir Edward began an explanation.

“Delves,” said he, “you are on the whole, a very good boy, but at times a little too inconsiderate; Lady Eveline and I are going to dine with a sick friend, and shall take you with us.”

“I had rather you would let me stay in the coach Sir, or go with Alexander, for I can't abide sick folks.”

“That

“ That, child, is a most uncompassionate
“ declaration,” said Mamma Eveline, a
little reproachingly, “ but why is it, that
“ you cannot abide them ?”

“ It is Madam, because whenever any
“ thing ailed Papa, or Winifred, or the Co-
“ lonel, or Mrs. Godolphin, they were so
“ cross, so grunting, and must be kept so
“ quiet, that I dared not to run, or speak, or
“ throw up my ball against the side of the
“ house for fear of disturbing them.”

“ It is highly proper,” retorted Sir Ed-
ward, with a very grave face, “ that chil-
“ dren should neither disturb the sick, or
“ offend the well ; and we expect from
“ your obedience to us, however little ten-
“ derness you may feel for our friend, that
“ you play none of your tricks in his pre-
“ sence, nor laugh at him as you do at
“ every body else ; let his infirmities be
“ sacred, I command you to honor him,
“ and you will oblige me, if you can love
Vol. I. N him.

“ him. Very soon your lively genius must
“ find out, that he is not so ill as he sup-
“ poses himself to be ; nevertheless I charge
“ you to restrain your bluntness, and not to
“ let him see that you perceive it ; move
“ gently, speak softly, address him with the
“ utmost respect, and cultivate his good
“ will, by the most agreeable manners you
“ can assume ; above all, say nothing of who
“ you are, or from whence we have taken
“ you, it is not convenient at present that
“ any body should be told how nearly I am
“ interested in you.”

These instructions from Papa, and the more gentle reproof of Mamma, made me feel what I never felt before, that I had been certainly going wrong all the days of my life, and that if I would keep their affection, inherit their riches, or be acknowledged by them, I must mend my manners, which I began to do, with such humble submission, and lively promises of obedience that they both tenderly embraced me, and
Mamma

Mamma with her own handkerchief wiped away a tear that had fallen on my cheek, calling me her heart's darling.

My spirits were a little subdued but not depressed; I was always looking out for new objects to engage their attention, and improve the influence I evidently possessed over them. If I saw a horse, it was like Papa Owen's Nutmeg; a pretty little girl who with a lady passed us in a post-chaise, made me cry out, it must certainly be Mrs. Godolphin, and Agnetta. Once I thought I saw Mr. Darcy, and at another time, a man driving a cart put me in mind of my adventure with the clown, and his bread and cheese; as I did not on such occasions keep my ideas bottled up in my narrow chest, whenever I dispensed them, they as constantly led to some epoch of my eventful life, which never failed to end by the command, and very much to the entertainment of Sir Edward and Lady Eveline, with a repetition of

every various transaction to which my remarks in any manner alluded.

My eyes being every where at once, piercing through hedges, and almost stone walls; I saw at some distance, what I imagined to be a small town, situated in a bottom, surrounded by hills, the situation from the road above it appeared so striking, either for its beauty, or its oddity, that I eagerly asked if we were going to that pretty place, before we went to the sick gentleman's?

"That is the very house at which he resides," answered Papa.

"But I do not mean any house Sir, I mean the town which lays down in that hole."

"He discriminates well," said Mamma, "however my dear, what you call a town, is only a single house," at the same instant we got off the road, and began to descend,

pend, till at last we arrived on the verge of the park, inclosed by a wall with two large maffy iron gates, through which we entered. Our approach had been announced, a porter stood on each side as we passed with the gates opened for our reception, getting on my knees, and looking out from behind to see that Trimbush was in the rear, I beheld them closed as soon as our whole cavalcade had entered, and the two tall porters retire into separate lodges, one at each corner of the gate.

C H A P. XL.

The Hypochondriac.

THE profoundest gloom enveloped the without, as well as the within of this vast heavy and stupendous building, which from the thickness of its walls, and the antiquity of its architecture, seemed to have been coeval with the creation.

The carpeted floors, the cautious steps, the solemn looks, and the infrangible silence of the attendants, put me into a sort of uneasy sensation. Like so many mutes at a funeral, they conducted us through a range of spacious apartments characteristic of

of the family complexion, high windows up to the ceilings, from which nothing but the light of Heaven could be seen, and even that reflected on dark brown wainscots, looked as sad as all the other surrounding objects. My heart misgave me, I cast my eyes about expecting to discover new repellers to my natural vivacity, and if I had seen a death's head in every chamber, I could not have been inspired with more terror.

We arrived at last through a dozen large rooms, to the very door of the sick man, it is opened in silence, and we are respectfully beckoned by one of our attendants to enter.

“Remember Delves to obey all the commands I have given you—you must neither laugh, make faces, or ask questions.” This was said to me in a very low whisper by Sir Edward, just preceding our admittance. Guess, oh reader, if I had not occasion for some such jog to my memory at sight of the spectacle about to present itself.

The season was summer, the weather scorching, the room small, the fire large, the sick man looking like a well man, dressed to receive his company in trimmed cloaths, and a gold lace hat dressed to represent an invalid, in a flannel night cap under the one, and a loose flannel wrapper over the other. I was all eyes and ears, I resolved to see, and to hear every thing, but to say nothing.

The first glance I caught of this extraordinary compound, was by taking a peep from under the arm of Mamma, who was the first to enter, but stood still a little within the door; on receiving a sign from the sick man, who laid his finger on his lips, and cried Hush; as much as if he had said keep back awhile, I am not quite prepared.

Now what can it be supposed was the cause of this detention? Business of life and death could only have been answerable for so much want of politeness to a female visitor,

visitor, endowed with the beauty, rank, and accomplishments of Lady Eveline; and something it was between life and death; sometimes the friend of one, sometimes of the other, according as he happens to be skilled for killing or for curing. It was the doctor feeling the pulse of his patient with one hand, and holding a watch with his eyes fixed on the dial in the other. For my part, I was going to cry out that he would set fire to his coat, so very near did the flame seem to reach it, as he stood on the inside of the easy chair. I certainly should have put him on his guard, if a look from Sir Edward had not bound my impatience in the fetters of obedience.

The doctor begged to assure his lordship that he found his pulse in a more favourable state than usual, and retired; bowing very profoundly to Mamma, who returned his salute with a smile so gracious, as must have assured him of her perfect confidence. It was now that her ladyship and Sir Ed-

ward, their little Elve treading closely on their heels, with the softness of a shadow, ventured to approach the easy chair of the fanciful hypochondriac, who with half-closed eyes and languidly extended hand, bid Papa a difficult welcome, and suffered Mamma to embrace him, which she did most cautiously, as well as most tenderly. I would have given the world to have ran away from so much melancholy ceremony, but the thing was impossible without offending my parents, and perhaps forfeiting twenty thousand pounds a year, I therefore slunk behind the sick man's chair, and attended to the following conversation.

“ Doctor Rowney's declaration, my lord,” said Sir Edward, “ of the happy state of your pulse, is I hope a prognostic that we present ourselves in a favourable moment.”

“ For the love of heaven, Sir Edward, do not speak so quick, your voice is too rough,

“rough, let Augusta whisper into my ear
“what you would say to me, I am used
“to her tones, and perhaps as the doc-
“tor says I am better, I may be able to
“support them.”

Mamma took up one of his hands, with as much gentleness as if it had been made of whip fillibub, and in a voice as musical as the spheres, and almost as low, assured him of Sir Edward's joy and her own at finding him so much better, than they had dared to hope they should have found him.

Unluckily I just then in order to hear the better, clambered up on a low rail at the back of the high chair, which, treacherous like Papa Owen's palings, which would not support me at the moment when I most wanted support, gave way, and I measured my diminutive length on the carpet.

"What noise is that?" cried the sick man in a voice of thunder.—I was upon my legs in an instant.

Mamma came and led me, trembling from head to foot, presenting me to him; he looked very much displeased, as well as terrified, his under lip was distended, and the most tremendous frowns sat upon his brows.

"Forgive him my lord," said my charming intercessor, "his fall was accidental, I will answer for the offence not being a voluntary one."

"Indeed, indeed I would not have fallen if I could have helped it, but the rail was so rotten, only look at it," and I picked up the fragments, "see how worm-eaten it is."

"I wish child thou hadst never been born," replied the old gentleman, looking

ing less angry, yet more wistfully on my countenance, "I wish," with a sigh pumped up from the very bottom of his stomach, "I wish thou hadst never been born."

I thought of Papa's injunctions that I *must* respect, and even *try* to love him, and so being able to do neither, I pretended to do both. I therefore knelt down and did as I had seen Mamma do, I kissed his hand, desiring not only his pardon, but that he would also give me his blessing, and to say truth, I did suppose the blessing of a *lord*, if I could screw one out of him, would be almost as valuable as my twenty thousand pounds a year, such had been the reverence which Papa Owen and Winifred sowed in the fertile mind of their little pupil, who was taught to consider lords and ladies as the carnations and roses of the animal creation.

C H A P. XLI.

Wonderful works of Imagination.

HE put his hand on my head; bless thee child! I am sorry thou art born! mayest thou never marry, or prolong the race of man!—"but who is this interesting boy Sir Edward, who is he Augustus?"

"He is a near relative of ours, my lord," replied Papa, smiling on Mamma, "but there are family reasons, why we do not acknowledge him."

"Do you think him like me, my lord?" asked Lady Eveline. "Sir Edward takes it into

“into his head that he has some resemblance to me.”

“I wonder Lady Eveline how you can ask that question, when you know I never examine the faces of children! No, I pity them too much, to settle my eyes on their countenance. I hope this boy may come within my calculation, and that death will have set his seal upon him, before the dreadful day of conflagration.”

These words were uttered with so deep a groan, and so ghastly a look, that I am sure had death come, seal in hand, and began making his impression, I should not have been more terrified. My fears must have been strongly painted on my features, for Mamma drew me towards her, and did not let go my hand any more, until we were summoned to dinner, which was extremely sumptuous and which I did not relish the less for having left the sick man behind

hind us, with an injunction from him, that we should all return to his chamber, as soon as it was over.

Before we sat down to table, I found an excuse for retiring, Alexander was ordered to attend me, and we went out together, leaving Papa and Mamma in deep conversation with Doctor Rowney, who being out of his patient's hearing, seemed to rejoice as at the meeting of old friends; but what made me like him for our table companion, was the very particular notice he took of the little gentleman, who all his life long dearly loved to be noticed.

“What do they call that comical old
“Lord?” said I, as soon as I got alone
with Alexander.

“Master d’ye see, a good soldier never
“asks questions of his sergeant, when the
“adjutant stands at his elbow; his honour
“Sir Edward will let you know your duty
“when

“ when he gives you a command, so don’t
“ d’ye see try to make me forget mine. I
“ am to tell you nothing d’ye see, I have
“ given my word to his Honour, and my
“ *honesty* is not to be corrupted.”

Nettled by his refusal to gratify my curiosity, I asked him what became of his honesty, when he stole my sixpence?

“ It don’t signify master, to acquit myself of that paltry affair, for if a private rises to the command of a regiment, it is the reward of his virtues, and so d’ye see, his vices are forgotten. I am promoted to the rank of your servant, and will in that station do nothing to disparage my preferment, and an act of disobedience to one’s patrons, is worse than an act of cowardice.”

“ Delves, Delves,” said Mamma, tripping after us, with a light foot, “ where are you? come to dinner, Sir Edward insists
“ on

"on it, that you do not run over the house,
"neither ask questions, or speak to any
"body but your own servant."

"I was only talking to Alexander about
"that great lord, Madam, who wished you
"know that I had never been born."

"What has he been saying to you Alex-
"ander?"

"Nothing, please your ladyship's honour,
"only little master wanted to know the
"lord's name, which my lady I could not
"take upon to say because ———."

"Enough," said Mamma, "you have done
"well, come my inquisitive fir," dragging
me into the dining room, "if you are not
"satisfied, depend upon it you shall be so,
"one day or other, but not yet."

I asked Mamma as we sat at table, if
we were to stay there all night, and was
terribly

terribly disappointed when she answered yes.

"May I go and take a walk with Alexander before bed time?" said I.

"By no means," replied Lady Eveline, "and I am sorry you prefer your servant's company to the society of your best friends."

"No, no," said I, shaking my head, "it is not that, but the sick lord is so cross, and so odd, and his room is so hot."——

"What are you and Delves consulting upon?" demanded Sir Edward.

"The little renegade wants to give us the flip," returned Mamma, "he complains of heat, and thinks the air will be of service to him."

"Neither

“Neither you or I can go with him, my
“love,” said Papa, “my lord will expect
“our return, and I am sure you will be
“afraid to trust him out of your sight.”

“If your ladyship will intrust the dar-
“ling child to my care,” said the good-hu-
moured doctor, “I will just look in upon
“his lordship, and when I find him dis-
“posed to receive a repetition of your vi-
“sit, I will come back, and with your
“permission conduct my young friend
“round the pleasure grounds, adding with
“a very singular look, which did not ef-
“cape my penetrating observation, *you may*
“*depend on my prudence.*”

This good Papa and Mamma, smilingly
nodded their assent, and I asked the physi-
cian, with whom I had advanced into the
most unreserved intimacy, if he would take
me with him, that I might just have one
peep more at the sick lord?

“Shall

“ Shall I ? ” said the doctor.

“ Certainly,” replied at once, both Sir Edward and Lady Eveline, and taking me by the hand, we entered the forcing house of caprices together.

The invalid fat with his head reclined against the pillows, which were piled up at the back of the easy chair; his eyes shut, his mouth open, his colour fervent, his waistcoat heaving with sighs.

Doctor Rowney softly approached his old station in the jaws of the fire, whilst I took possession of the other side, my whole attention taken up in observing what operations the doctor was going to perform.

Without uttering he seized upon the hand, which lay invitingly on the peer's knee, as if it expected to be captured, and drawing out his watch, he returned to his old sport of pulse-feeling almost as diverting as that of hen flogging.

“ I fear

“ I fear doctor you find me much worfe ?”
said the afflicted patient.

“ No my lord, no, you are better than
“ before dinner.”

“ I am glad you think so, yet it is strange,
“ very strange, that I should grow better,
“ when that dreadful wolf is never satisfi-
“ ed, never, no never ; oh ! doctor, I have
“ been the machine to feed him this day,
“ with two wings of a turkey, three large
“ slices of venison, and six custards. My
“ life is a burden, I cannot much longer sup-
“ port this unnatural fatigue of eating ;
“ you must either drive this voracious ani-
“ mal out of me, or he will drive me to
“ the tomb.”

I never saw a wolf in my life, cried I
out with eagerness, pray pray my lord do
let me see your wolf.

“ Alas child !” he replied mournfully,
clapping his two hands vehemently on his
stomach,

stomach, "it is here, it is not to be seen,
"it is only to be felt."

"Then if neither you or the doctor ever
"saw him, how do you know that it is a
"wolf, might it not be a lion my lord?"

"Doctor Rowney," said his lordship,
"bid that boy be silent, I like him, but his
"prattle confuses my understanding."

I slunk back and nodded to the doctor,
as much as to say, I knew what to do with-
out his interference. I saw him smile, and
I am sure he would have laughed if he had
dared to have done so, but the eye of his pa-
tient was fixed upon his face, as he continu-
ed to weave on upon his loom of lamenta-
tion.

"This has been a trying day for me doc-
"tor Rowney, a very trying day, for besides
"that infernal wolf whose appetite like
"the grave is not to be fatiated, besides I
"say

“ say this everlasting torment, the sight of
“ Augusta and her husband, have very much
“ disconcerted me ; I cannot see them with
“ pleasure, I cannot reconcile myself to
“ their marriage.”

“ I believe my lord I may venture to say
“ you have joined together the most ami-
“ able, and the most happy pair, that this,
“ or any other country ever boasted.”

“ I join them together !” exclaimed the
sick man, “ God forbid doctor ! you know
“ what it was that extorted my consent ;
“ I am hurt by your insinuation, that I
“ should have joined them together.”

“ I beg your lordship’s pardon, you
“ thought well of Sir Edward Eveline, the
“ marriage was made under your own roof,
“ and therefore it was that I supposed” —

CHAP. XLII.

Interruption.

“YOU supposed,” interrupted the
wolf-pregnant Peer, “that be-
“cause these accidents happened in my fa-
“mily, I must have been accessary to
“them! No, that is a crime of which my
“conscience never can accuse me; none
“shall presume to say, that my theory is
“one thing, and my practice another;
“when I publish my plan, all these errors
“in your judgement will be eradicated,
“you will then see my good reasons for be-
“ing no friend to the marriage of my ward,
“her sister was my convert, so is my dear
“son; but as to Augusta, unhappily she
“was not to be restrained. I approved of

VOL. I.

O

“Sir

“ Sir Edward, I loved him, I had no right
“ to force them into a state of celibacy,
“ they wrung from me my unwilling con-
“ sent, but my approbation will never fol-
“ low; yet I pray for them, I have even made
“ other calculations in favour of their chil-
“ dren, if they should become parents.
“ Perhaps when I have seen them again,
“ and when my internal tormentor is quiet-
“ ed with some coffee and toast, I shall be
“ more equal to the toils of conversation,
“ tell them that in half an hour I shall have
“ prepared myself for their reception.”—
Again he laid himself back in his chair, shut
his eyes, and we retired very softly.

Papa and Mamma talked with the doctor
till just before they went to the sick cham-
ber; I did not attend to what they were say-
ing, but I heard them laughing sometimes,
as I tossed up a ball which I always carried
about me to prevent the attacks of *ennui*;
every man would find his account by adopt-
ing my maxim, if it were only a cane, that
he

he might bite the head of it, or gracefully flash it over his boots, as I have seen some gentlemen do, to the great advantage of manner and figure.

Exactly at the end of the half hour, Sir Edward and Lady Eveline repaired to the sick chamber, whilst the doctor and I went to range about what he had called the pleasure-ground, yet I saw no object of delight, except in the frolicks of Trimbush, whom I had asked leave to make one of the party; on the contrary, even things inanimate seemed animated with family sympathy, the trees were all gloomy evergreens, the grass high, because my lord was disturbed by the whetting of a scythe under his windows; the gravel rough, because my lord could not bear the sound of the roller; and the flowers were uncultivated, because I suppose the gardener could not bear the trouble of arranging them; in short, his lordship's own mind did not appear to be

in a greater state of confusion than his pleasure-grounds.

When I had got the doctor all to myself, I did not suffer my genius to sleep, I employed it on a thousand devices to come at the bottom of every thing, yet gained nothing; he would talk to me of little else than myself, my dog, and the pleasure-grounds. Day was closing, as we entered the house Mamma met us in the parlour, from whence she conducted me to the hospital, but not without giving me some rules for my behaviour, none of which I transgressed, as long as we remained the guest of his fanciful lordship, whose conversation I found very entertaining, though I did not understand it.—How should I understand it?—I had never heard that the world was to be destroyed by fire, until this strange lord announced it as I came into the room with Mamma, in this abrupt manner.

“It

“It is a dreadful consideration Sir Ed-
“ward, that our grand-children, perhaps
“our children, should be burnt to cin-
“ders in the last conflagration; I say it
“is a subject worthy the profoundest at-
“tention of both houses. I have been
“fifteen years preparing a bill, which next
“winter if I am living, shall be moved,
“both in lords and commons; to the up-
“per house I shall bring it personally, and
“in the lower I have a friend who will
“give it the warmest support, being far
“exalted above the prejudices of vulgar
“minds; he will discover the strength of
“my reasonings, and he will combat them,
“when opposed by ignorance, if any such
“should contend against arguments incon-
“trovertible.”

His lordship paused, as if overcome by the warmth of his own imaginations, his face was illuminated in a manner so extraordinary, that I fixed my eyes upon it, without once removing them. Papa and

Mamma endeavoured to tranquillize his spirits, not by opposing his opinions, but by giving way to his humour. Mamma said she hoped his lordship's health would permit him to spend the winter in town, and Papa assured him, he should command all his parliamentary interest to support whatever political designs he may have in view.

"My plans," he returned, "are those
"of compassion, not of policy, as a hu-
"mane man, I have nothing to doubt in
"respect to your coincidence with them;
"you know," continued he, "with what
"fervour I resisted your alliance with my
"ward Augusta; you know my son has en-
"gaged never to take a wife, that he has
"done so, as much from being the con-
"vert of my calculations, as that I might
"not forfeit my life to his stubborn con-
"tradiction; you know that dear angel
"Eleanor would not have disobeyed me,
"even if like some others, she had been
"infatuated

“infatuated by the most destructive, as
“well as the most foolish of passions; all
“this Sir Edward you already know, but
“it remains for me to lay before you the
“result of fifteen years unremitting en-
“quiries: this is a confidence I cannot re-
“fuse to repose with you, particularly as
“the whole habitable world, known and
“unknown, must partake of it with you
“in a very short time.”

Mamma would have taken me out
of the room, I made some little resist-
ance, which would not have signified, but
for the interference of higher authority.
“Let the child stay,” said my lord, “he
“has a most intelligent countenance; I
“see nothing that I have been saying falls
“to the ground; what he hears from my
“lips will sink deeper in his mind than the
“act itself, after it has received his Ma-
“jesty’s signature.”

“ My dear lord,” cried lady Eveline, in a tone of vexation, “ I fear doctor Rowney will not easily pardon us, if by occasioning you to talk too much we should encrease your disorder; will not tomorrow suit your strength for the explanation better than the present moment?”

“ No, I am prepared for the undertaking *now*, you have no occasion to fear my severity Augusta, I shall not even glance at what has passed, I am even a little reconciled to your union with your worthy husband, since heaven has heard my prayers, and I have still the blessing of beholding you childless.”

C H A P. XLIII.

The Rhapsody.

A H, thought I, now I know why it is, that I am not acknowledged for their son, they are afraid of disobliging the old gentleman, and I did not either love or respect him the more for this conjecture. Papa looked mortified, Mamma remained silent, and my lord bid me bring him a small box, standing on a table, but not within his reach, which when I had conveyed to his hands, he opened with a satisfied air, such as I have since seen an orator display from the pulpit, a good speaker from the wrong side of the house, a bishop from his wool-sack, and a minister at his first levee.

He drew out two papers, one all over scrawled with figures, the other filled to the very edges with thick writing; the first that he opened, was that which contained the figures, "here," said he, spreading it over his knees like a table cloth, "here
" is a calculation from the first of the cre-
" ation, to the time when the whole world
" must be enveloped in flames,—what a
" fate for our descendants!" he groaned bitterly, "every one of them must be burnt
" to cinders,—dreadful fate!"——

"What sir," cried I, staring, trembling, and almost weeping, "must we
" all be burnt?"

"Not if I can prevent it, my child," he replied, in a tender tone, "it has been the
" business of my life to search out a natu-
" ral remedy for so great an evil, but there
" is always so much opposition to every
" thing good, or extraordinary, that it is
" possible

“ possible my endeavours to save mankind,
“ may be overthrown.”

“ But my dear lord,” said Sir Edward,
“ though there can be no doubt of the
“ manner, yet the event is at so great a
“ distance, that if your projects should
“ not immediately, they may hereafter
“ succeed.”

“ I have no such expectation, for should
“ my bill, which has cost me so much trou-
“ ble in framing, should be thrown out
“ this session, the two houses, with all that
“ belong to them, shall go off in the ex-
“ plosion; never again will I move my
“ finger to save them from destruction.
“ Oh! posterity, posterity! Oh! sons
“ and daughters, yet unborn! I see you
“ frying in the flames, if an immediate stop
“ be not put to population. Horrible vi-
“ sion! horrible vision!” at the conclusion
of this apostrophe, he screamed so loud,
and looked so wild, that my stout heart

began to fail, and I rejoiced when doctor Rowney desired that he might be left alone with his patient.

"Is he mad?" said I to Mamma, as soon as we got outside the door.

"No, my dear, only a little fanciful."

"I wish," cried I to Alexander, as he was putting me to bed, "I wish with all my heart, we were well out of this house."

"Why, master, what is the matter, are you not got into good quarters, and have we not a most noble, most magnanimous commander?"

"Do you mean that distracted lord, who has frightened me out of my wits?"

"I beg your honour's pardon, but a lord cannot be distracted, when lords do or
fay

“ say out of the way things, why it is only
“ d’ye see, that they may differ from other
“ men; for instance, how would an officer
“ be known from a private, if it was not for
“ the gold on his regimentals? no more
“ than a lord from his vassal, if it was not
“ for the difference in their manners.”

“ If I was a lord Alexander.”

“ As I hope by the blessing of God you
“ may be,—but what would you do then,
“ master?”

“ Why, rather than keep company with
“ such lords, I would never speak to any
“ body but Trimbush and you.”

“ I thank your honour for the compli-
“ ment,” said Alexander, standing erect,
and bowing profoundly, “ but when you
“ are a lord, d’ye see, I am sure you will
“ be as high minded; I mean, d’ye see, as
“ grand and particular, as the best of them,
“ so

“ so I shall expect no such glory to your
“ own disparagement.”

This ideal glance at a dignity to which my ambition had never aspired, tickled my vanity. I thought Alexander must have some foundation for his extravagant hope ; I saw he was intrusted with a secret, and tried to flatter him out of it ; with this design I made him the most brilliant promises, whenever I should arrive at such great dignity ; but finding him proof against this almost never failing battery, I pretended the greatest indifference, only asking how he came to take it into his head, that it was possible I might be a lord ?

“ Why d’ye see, master,” he replied, “ I
“ think stranger things have happened than
“ that his Majesty should make you a lord,
“ such a clean grown pretty young gentle-
“ man the king will find it hard to meet
“ with throughout his dominions ; besides,
“ if he don’t give you a title, you will have
“ money enough to buy one.”

I jumped

I jumped into bed, saying, "I hoped I should know better what to do with my money." Trimbush followed, stretched himself out at my back, and Alexander drawing the curtains and wishing my lordship a good night, left me to my repose.

When a man is writing his life, a dream may be very conveniently introduced, but though the reveries of a man may be entertaining enough, those of a child may be altogether as tedious; I therefore shall have nothing to do with night-work, my waking hours will afford me matter enough, if I do not spoil the materials in putting them together.

C H A P. XLIV.

Farewel to the Hypochondriac.

“EVERY thing is ready for our departure,” said Alexander, when he came to awaken me the next morning, “the baggage all packed, and their hours waiting for your honour to take your breakfast.”

“This is the best news you could have brought me,” cried I, starting up, and beginning to draw on my stockings, “but what is the matter, that we must go off in such a hurry?”

“Why, master, I have heard say, his magnanimous lordship rested badly last night,

“night, and so the doctor d’ye see, have
“advised their honours to march to their
“own head quarters, thinking so much
“good company may be troublesome.”

“I love that doctor,” said I, “so make
“haste, wash my face, comb my hair,
“and let me begone. I hope that fright-
“ful lord will not ask to see me before
“we go away.”

“Don’t know, can’t say,” replied Alex-
ander, as he shook me into my cloaths,
“I may guess, but should I speak my
“mind d’ye see, I should be brought to
“a court martial.”

As he said this, a footman tapping at the
door, enquired of him, if Master Delves
was ready, Sir Edward and her ladyship
being impatient? “We are coming this
“moment,” cried I,—“yes, we shall
“be with their honours, in the beat of
“a drum,” added Alexander. I heard
the

the fellow laugh as he turned away, and we followed close at his heels.

I looked for some change in the faces of Papa and Mamma, I thought they might have quarrelled with the mad lord, or been displeased with me. I was a reasoner from my cradle, I may be one to my grave, without being the more enlightened myself or enlightening others ; I saw no alteration in their countenances, their careffes were as lively as at night when I parted from them, they helped me as usual to more than a sufficient breakfast, and after it was finished, led me between them to the carriage.

I imagined I should please them by asking if I might not go and take leave of the sick gentleman. No they said, that ceremony at present was better left alone, adding, if I was a good boy, some other time I should pay his lordship a visit.

It

It may seem ungrateful, but I did not feel the better inclined to make a good boy for the reward held out to my view ; it was not a bribe that suited the temper of my mind, having much more fear for the odidities, than reverence for the rank of this great man.

Whoever has travelled through life cheerfully, and without accidents, may have the honour of comparing his journey to that of the renowned little Delves ; and if at the end of it he is received into a Paradise no less beautiful than Eveline Lodge, he may be well satisfied.

Eveline Lodge bore no similitude to the under-ground castle of the crazy lord. Its pre-eminence was bold, and commanding. Its aspect cheerfully inviting. Its appendages more lovely than magnificent. Its ornaments more the work of nature, than of art. Its grass was velvet. Its gravel shining

shining with spar, that sparkled like diamonds when the sun darted upon it, the rays of its creative brightness. Its waters seemed clearer, and its trees greener, than what I had ever seen before; I could not conceal my joyful astonishment, at every thing I beheld, which, so far from offending, charmed the divine owners of this divine residence; they declared themselves delighted by my droll observations, and encouraged me to run on without ceasing; they often laughed, particularly when I asked Sir Edward if he was a farmer. "Why do you suppose it," replied he, "because," said I, "your field is so large, and you have such monstrous numbers of sheep feeding in it." "This is no field," he answered, "but a park, and what you call sheep, are animals of much greater beauty and value; look at their graceful forms, look at their spots, did you ever see a sheep so well made, and so beautifully spotted?" "Never in all my life,"
"but

“but what do you call them, and what use do you make of them?” “They are deer, and their flesh is better than mutton.”

I might have gone on with my chain of everlasting questions, if the carriage had not stopped, and the step been let down, without my having discovered how near we were approaching to the mansion of love and harmony.

Having sprang from the coach to the ground, I left Papa and Mamma to take care of themselves, and turning my back on the house, watched the approach of Trimbush, without whose participation my happiness would have been incomplete. It was my first friendship, and my heart sanctified it; presently he arrived in full state between his guards, but his affections being as ardent as my own, he no more than myself waited the ceremony

ceremony of being assisted, he leaped across the lap of her ladyship's woman, overturning band-boxes, work baskets, and every thing which opposed his reunion with the child of his love.

“ Little Renegade,” said Mamma, running after me, and dragging me from the neck of Trimbush; “ is it thus you always intend to serve us? are your best friends not entitled to some of those caresses you so lavishly bestow on your dog?”

I grumbled out a concise apology, and making him over to the care of Alexander, with a thousand charges that nothing might be wanting to his accommodation, I gave my hand to Mamma, not with the softness of an Adonis, but with a hearty slap, resembling the mode with which I used to present it to mother Winifred whenever she had put me into good humour; and jumping

ing along at every step, Mamma led me into a large parlour.

How think you this parlour was furnished?—even with the very pictures I once painted for my amusement. Oh reader! in one corner sat Papa Owen, in another Winifred, in a third Colonel Godolphin, in the fourth the Colonel's lady, and in the middle of the room my dear little play-mates, Agnetta and Henrietta. Sure you must be ready to burst with astonishment; stop then to recover your breath, as I was forced to do.

I do not know but this deserves to be called the most eventful moment of my life, I know it contained for me all that I could then suppose to constitute extacy. No reserve, no recrimination, no reproaches, no little rascals, no little rogues, like bitter herbs in sweet messes, was thrown in to render our mutual delights unpalatable; all was joy, kisses, and embraces; the
girls

girls wept, I sobbed, Winifred wiped her eyes, and Papa Owen declared he did not care how soon he was gathered up to his ancestors, now that he had lived long enough to find me in the way of being a great man, adding that he hoped I should never forget to take pains with my writing. Instead of making him an answer, I drew myself from the arms of my old friends, who were clustering round me like bees about a hive, and running to my new ones, gave way in theirs, to an emotion of gratitude, which made them not the *least* feeling actors in this play of nature's own construction.



END OF VOL. I.